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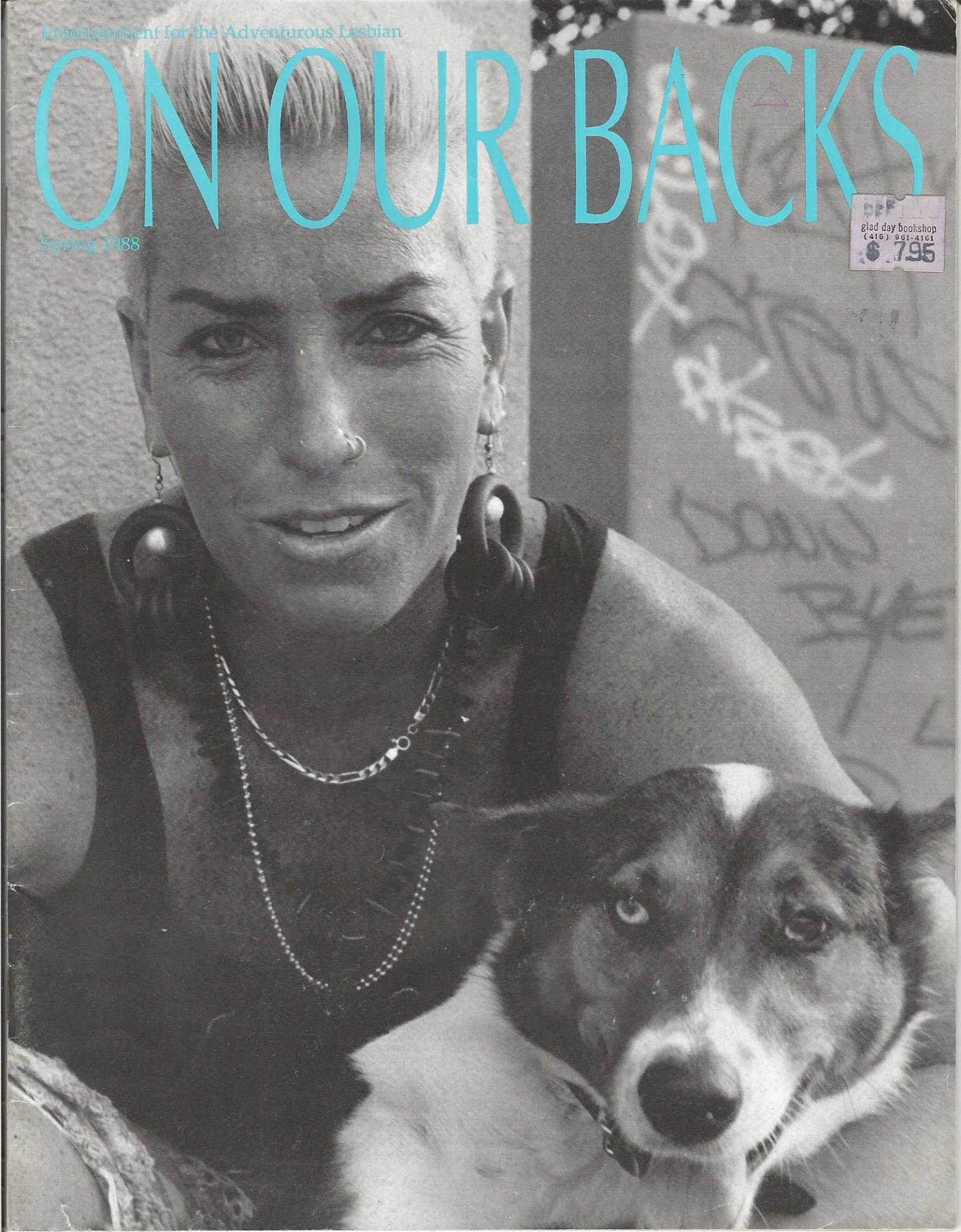
ON OUR BACKS

Spring 1988



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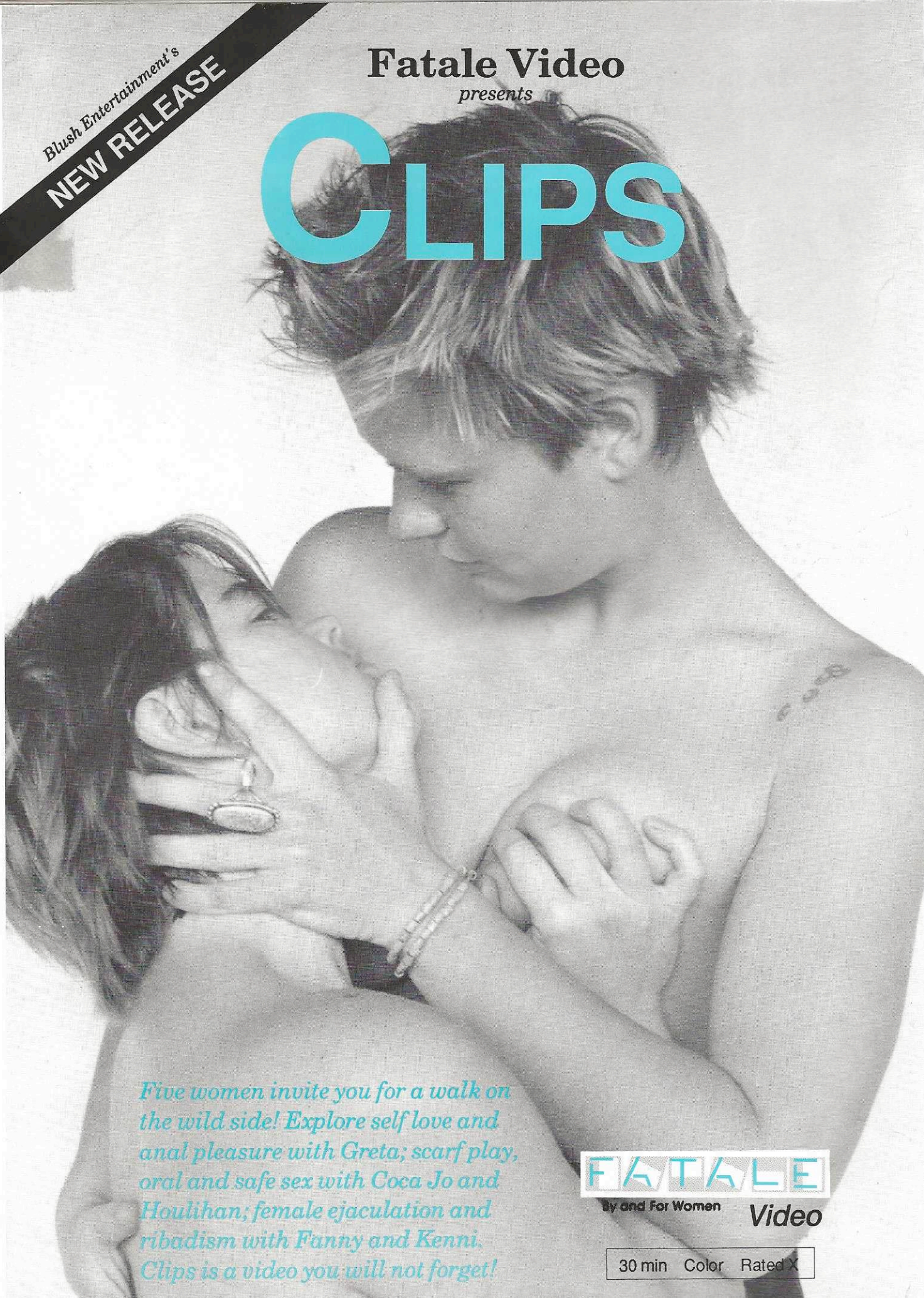

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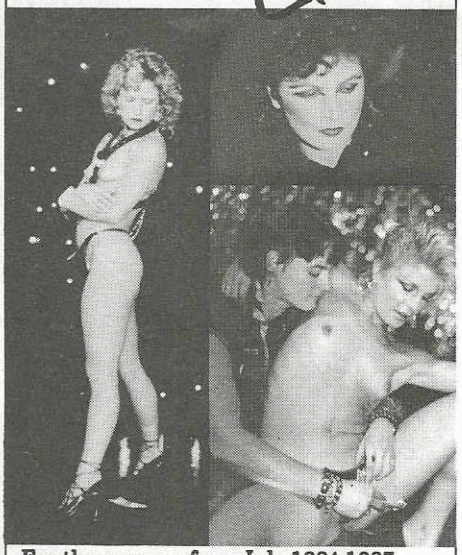
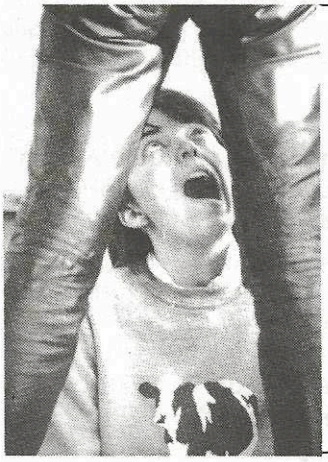


For three years, from July 1984-1987, nearly 100 erotic performers have danced for over 15,000 women every week in San Francisco. This special and unique show, surely the longest running live performance in lesbian history, was called BurLEZk. Fatale Video has captured some of the many exciting moments of this charming, sexy and sometimes shocking lesbian striptease show. A great party tape! (90 min)



fun with a sausage

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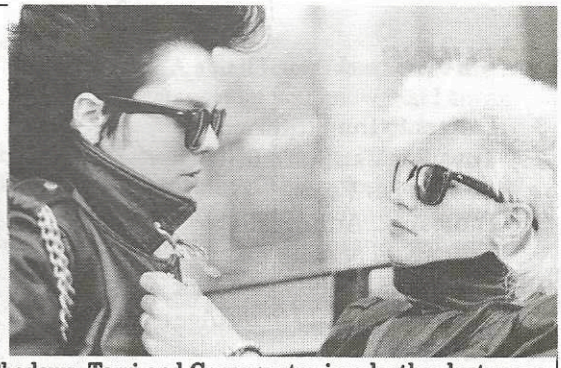
SHADOWS



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Penny Jerome

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The feminist bookstore in my community does not carry your magazine. They do, however, have sample copies for viewing (kept behind the counter), and I have just recently had the opportunity to see one of your older issues (Summer '84). Since that time I've heard you have gone out of business. Can you provide me with back issues?

M.T. Straub
Madison, WI

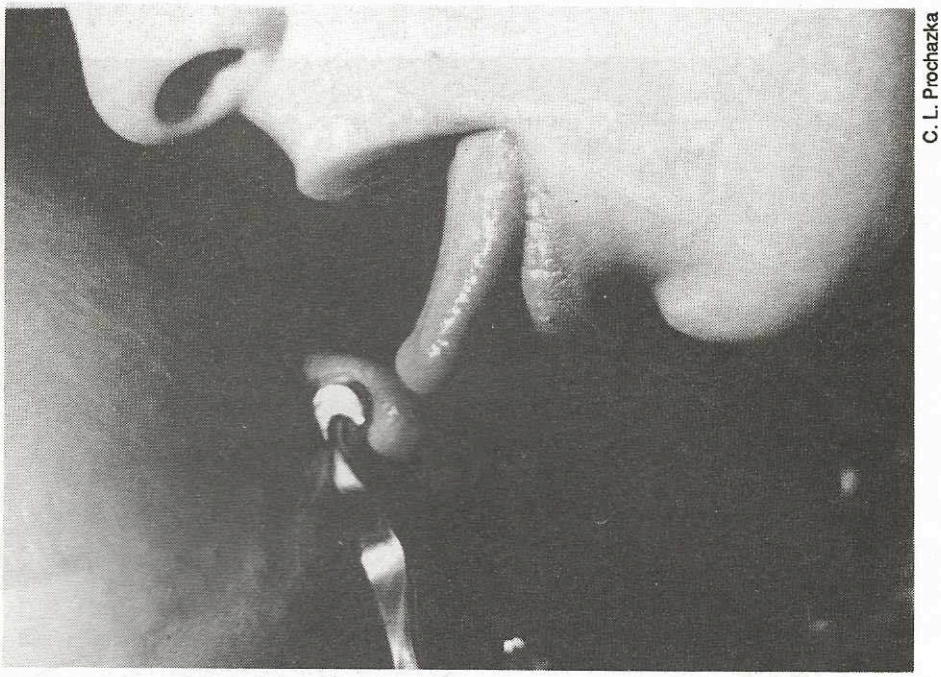
We've noticed that only in cities where On Our Backs is censored do you ever hear the rumor that we've gone out of business. The bookstore you visited, A Room of One's Own, probably has Virginia Woolf turning over in her grave from the embarrassment of their four year denial of lesbian sexual expression. Do you know any grown up lesbians in Madison who'd like to sell On Our Backs? Back issues are always available ($5) but we'd like to bring your hometown into the 80's.

I was extremely impressed by your column on safe sex practices in the Fall '87 issue of *On Our Backs* in which you took the most optimistic and positive viewpoint I've ever heard. And intelligent. Thank you.

B.A.D.
Seattle, WA

I was pleased to see your Fall '87 "Lesbians, AIDS, and Safe Sex" section. Certainly I speak for many AIDS activists and lesbians who appreciate your groundbreaking approach and commitment to pressing the issue of lesbians and AIDS when many others would let the matter go without comment because we are "the lowest risk group." Indeed, many of us have engaged in risk behaviors, or with individuals who may have, in our lives, and believing lesbians are in any way immune to AIDS or its effects is dangerous and myopic. Often, I tell amazed friends I know lesbians who are ill, and we are all affected by mainstream responses.

Each feature gets better—and I especially liked the sensuous safe sex



C. L. Prochazka

photos of Honey Lee Cottrell's that accompanied Emily Kahn's article.

Keep up the good work.

M. Murray
Allston, MA

I have the same feelings as "Nickie" in her letter to the Fall '87 issue. Would you do something special on sex during the menstrual cycle? I have always been extra horny during my period and my lover's. Eating menstrual blood may now be a thing of the past with safe sex, but damn, it tastes good! Smells good too, mixed with cunt juices.

Lovely issue! Lovely magazine!

Mindy
North Alabama

I'm one more Canadian who stumbled on your rag, and I think I need a subscription! (Really, I buy it for the articles.) The community in Montreal is just as tight-assed as anywhere else: no one seems to be able to say "dildo" without getting red in the face, and my lover and I can't figure out if our latest forays into bondage are really the answer to all our desires, or just an accessory to the pointy black boots. Did someone say trendy? I'm still waiting for someone to convince me that my gay male roommate's tit clamps could ever be fun in bed — screaming and jumping five feet in the air can kind of interrupt sex.

By the way, all three of the *On Our Backs* videos are available at our local bookstore. Thank you for the entertainment.

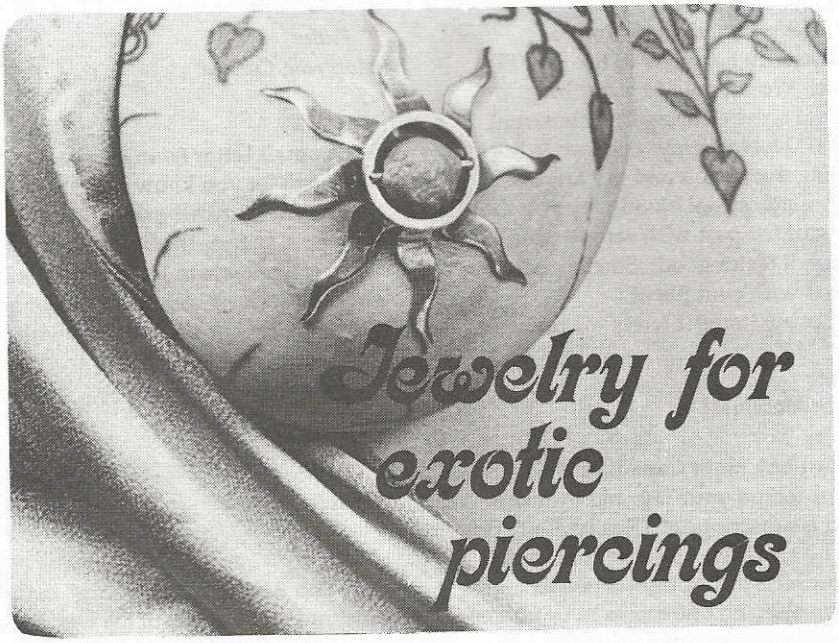
T. Fuller
Montreal, Canada

A small letter from across the waters to let you know that I am an avid reader of your magazine. It is excellent; in fact, the best magazine there is available to lesbians. This is such a deprived community over here, however, this has been cured with your mag. Just want to say to you and all the team of *On Our Backs*, keep up the good work.

J. Collins
Bristol, England

"The Acquisition of Zrie" in the current Fall '87 issue of *On Our Backs* was very upsetting to me. I am ANGRY about the nonconsensual, forced manipulation, and it ruined the story for me. While reading it I became physically ill; obviously it was a BIG turn-off.

K. Susan
California



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I've been becoming a fan of yours slowly and incrementally with each issue I read. Your Winter '86 issue with the incredible story "Tennessee" pushed me over the edge into complete, unqualified fanhood.

I can understand how women who read your magazine for the first time may find it too "strong", too crude, too much S&M, etc., because I know I felt that way. At first just a look from that desired person is enough, then a kiss is required to send you to heaven, and then you need and want more and more. Well, the magazine keeps delivering more and more. I'm sure you've gotten plenty of compliments on "Tennessee" in past issues and I'd like to add mine to the collection: I've never read a more powerful piece of erotica. Thanks.

C.L. Harris
La Jolla, CA

I am writing from Sydney, Australia. I was recently offered the Winter '86 issue to read, and I must say that *On Our Backs* was the first lesbian publication I've ever seen. Obviously, there is very little, if any, information regarding lesbians available. You've certainly got it made over there in the States.

I can't say that all the articles, etc., in your publication appealed to me (but then I'm conservative), but the mere fact that you've "got it all" and that you cater for all is absolutely fantastic. Congratulations.

L. Gorjup
Sydney, Australia

What a verbal tongue lashing you got in the "letters" section of the Winter issue!

I haven't written in a while because I assume that you take my renewed subscription every year as a positive statement regarding the quality and content of your publication. However, I thought that at this time, I should communicate with you my enthusiastic support and approval for what you've been doing for the past three-and-a-half years. I love your magazine for the support it gives to me.

I am a *sexual* lesbian. My taste in sexual activities runs the gamut of whatever is pleasing to myself and the person(s) involved. I don't consider myself vanilla or S/M any longer. I relate with women on an individual basis that is indicated by our present desires. Sometimes I feel very "straight" and just want an old-fashioned romance with breath taking tenderness. Other times I want the challenge of women who are sexual outlaws: women who sizzle and explode into raw sensual animals! But mostly anymore I want a woman who fits both categories. Your magazine gives me the hope that there are others who share my views.

D.H.
Bloomfield, NJ

This is in answer to D. M. Diamond and anyone else who wonders: Yes, Virginia, there are Lesbian couples who still make love even after years together. We have been together since 1979 and still fuck. We know several other long-term couples, including one that got together in 1974, who still fuck, too. Some are monogamous, others non, but all are outright live-together, primary-relationship couples. There is no magic spell cast by any patriarchal wizard that lets time alone stop us from turning on to each other.

Even Joanne Gardner Loulann, a sex therapist who makes her living off Lesbians' sexual problems, doesn't claim all of us suffer from "Lesbian Bed Death" after the first few years. Her "merging" theory may or may not be relevant to those who do. Either way, it's a theory of what *can* go wrong, not anything that *has* to go wrong.

If two (or more) of you love each other, enjoy each others' company, and are willing to make a good thing better instead of searching for ways to destroy it, there's no reason you shouldn't still be getting it on when you reach your eighties and nineties. We sure will be!

Rebecca Ripley and Ariel O'Malley
Menlo Park, CA

From your articles, letters, fiction, and advertisements it would appear that all lesbians ever think about is sex, sex, and more sex, — the kinkier the better the more the merrier.

I don't find any love hidden within your pages — love and commitment seem to be something to be avoided at all costs. (second only to ben wa balls.)

The bulk of your fiction is pretty weird for a lesbian publication — in it I find "heros" that are more macho, shallow, selfish and degrading to women than any man I've met. I've never understood why so many lesbians take the very worst male attributes and then turn them around to use and abuse other women with.

"Fisting Two" was especially enlightening — 60 lesbians attending a "Vaginal Fisting Workshop" where an "actual lesbian" (!?!) performed an "actual act of penetration". Gimme a break. Sounds like a live sex show to me. What's next? Lesbian snuff films?

Taken in its entirety, your magazine and the sexist, rutting lifestyle it espouses is enough to make me homophobic and I've been gay all my life.

If you can get your nipple chains untangled and your fists out of each other long enough, please cancel my subscription and refund the balance.

Marianne Reese
Ward Cove, Alaska

Thank you very much for sending to me the photocopy of "Lesbians, AIDS, and Safe Sex" from your magazine.

I am reproducing this article for dissemination (excuse the word) in my sociology of human sexuality class. I think the article is great — and useful to folks, no matter their sexual orientation. Thanks again for helping me inform these 80 students.

Kay B. Tiblier, PhD
San Francisco, CA

VIVA LAS VEGAS

Susie Sexpert Reports:

My dossier on the Secret Lesbian Porno Stars Convention is fit to burst. Throughout three days of Las Vegas conventioneering ...What? Did you say you've never heard of a Secret Lesbian Porn Stars network? Perhaps it's because this association is so secret that most innocent convention-goers think they are attending the Adult Entertainment showroom of the Consumers Electronics Convention, a gadget and software show for retailers that happens biannually in Chicago and Las Vegas. Anyone who works at a a Radio Shack or mom and pop video store can attend, but little do they know when they are lining up for some starlet's autograph that although said starlet may be marketting heterosexual voyeurism, her personal taste is quite another story.

Here's where the secret dyke porn stars come in.

I can see the headlines now: "Porn Biz: A Homosexual Front". Lesbian and die-hard bisexuals are most definitely in the front ranks of the adult movie business. In true Hollywood style, it's OK to publically proclaim you "swing" both ways, but it is Closet City when it comes to revealing one's preference for women. Although many actresses have confided to me that they are loyal readers of *On Our Backs*, there are only two performers I know who are unequivocally OUT: Debi Sundahl, *On Our Backs*' publisher, and Chris Cassidy, a former adult movie queen who went on to produce and star in her own lesbian made video, *Erotic in Nature*.

It's assumed that the fans would all lay down and die if they knew that the biggest names in porn are queer. I rather think they'd be gladly educated and titillated. In an industry where everyone's so sexually liberated, there's a vicious double standard. The men I talk to from the video companies are almost in awe of all the actresses they perceive to be gay, but if any one of those women said, "yes, I'm lesbian and proud", she would bear the burden of bringing the first blast of gay liberation to the ranks.

Sharma

Bubbles would be burst, crosses burned. "You mean she just took this job for the money?" — I can imagine all the profiteers reaching for the smelling salts. In other words, it's the same old discrimination we face in every corner of the world, with just a special twist of hypocrisy.

This fear of "what the women are up to" blossomed at the recent convention, with the announcement of the formation of a new support group for female performers, called "The Pink Ladies Social Club". The "PLSC" was started this winter in Los Angeles for women affiliated with adult films who want to provide frank support, education and assistance to each other, as well as work together on some special performance projects of their own. The PLSC is so new that it's hard to say what will happen, but the initial reaction from men in the business was pure macho hysteria. The big fear was oh-shit-they're-going-to-start-a-union, but of course, since this is an all female club, even that rumor was tempered by the paranoia that somehow this was a radical feminist conspiracy. Oh girl, my favorite kind!

One of the "Pinks" told me out of the side of her mouth that, "for all I know, we may just get together to fuck", (what's a club without a social life?), but the founders of the orgainization are actually quite ambitious and dreamful of what they could accomplish together. If you're a erotic performer anywhere in the country, I suggest you contact them for more info and their newsletter: *PLSC, 12439 Magnolia Bl., Suite 218, North Holywood, Ca 91607.*

The PLSC is a mixed group, but clearly it's a place for women to be comfortable and open about their bisexual or lesbian preferences. This is a revolutionary idea in itself. Gay performers don't usually feel welcome into the bosom of the lesbian family.

The first time I ever heard gossip about a lesbian porn star was in 1980. Tigr, a former member of the lesbian gay clique I hung out with, was rumoured to be making dirty movies, and what everyone wanted to know (lesbians are so polite!) was "is it true she's sucking cock — and does she like it?"

As rude as the question is, I think it gets to the heart of lesbian fears and alienation from straight porn. The answer is, yes, they do really suck and fuck, and in answer to the second question, what does "like" have to do with it ? The attitude that lesbian porn actresses have that I find so refreshing is they are entirely *under*whelmed by male nudity, male genitals, and male studliness in general. Some women are proud of their screen skills at making a blow job look good, some want to have a pleasant relationship with ther male costars, and others don't have the time of day for the cocksmen once the camera stops. In Tigr's case, after I heard the dish, of course I ran out to find a movie she was in. The first one I saw, I immediately closed in on Tigr's scene with another woman. Her fingernails were short, smoothly manicured and unpolished, and she went straight for this poor straight girl's g-spot, who just about

flipped when she realized this was no ordinary straight fuck. If you want to spot the real dykes in the sex movies, watch their hands.

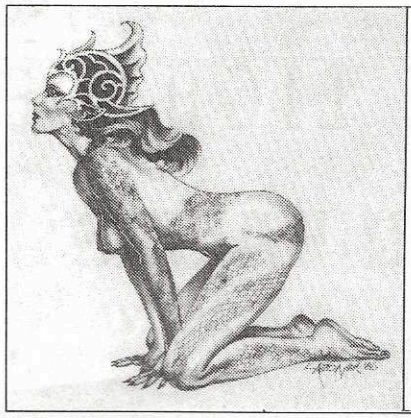
The lesbian strip shows that started running four years ago in San Francisco are, I think, the most liberating setting I have ever seen for women erotic performers. In case you haven't seen the lesbian *Burlezk* video, let me explain. Every week for two years, and now sporadically, we've had a lesbian erotica show in local gay bars, which feature a majority of professional dancers who worked ordinarily in the downtown sex clubs. These women, who typically are so blasé in their "straight" jobs, were as nervous as virgin brides when they performed at the Burlezk.

The very thing that most of them would have rather died than tell a group of dykes: "I'm a stripper", suddenly made them the hottest thing on the lesbian dating circuit. Rather than viewed as confused or depraved, lesbian strippers received a well- deserved reputation for their guts, talent, and sexual sophistication.

When I came out in the 70's, the trend was that anyone who truly cared for other women could be a lesbian. You couldn't fuck men of course, but you really didn't have to fuck women either, and you certainly didn't talk about it if you did. As we entered the 80's, starved for erotic recognition, the welcome mat changed to: "lesbians are first and foremost, sexual with one another". And now, in recognizing lesbians in the sex business, the interpretation of sexual preference has more to do with "preference" than a lone sexual act. Women who prefer women, yet who are sexually active with men for money and for sport, are indeed kinky compared to the rest of the gay or straight world, but certainly identifiable as female sexual outlaws who walk on the gay side.

What lofty thoughts! The real question is, what porn star would I most like to be stranded on a desert island with? Let's see, there's Sharon Mitchell, Erica Boyer, Juliet Anderson, Georgina Spelvin, Seka, Angel Kelly, Porsche Lynn, Cara Lott, Barbara Dare, Bionca... oh, I can't make up my mind. They're all such butchy femmes, but the truth is, I like bulldaggers the best , which are in such short supply in the commercial porn world that for a moment in Las Vegas, I almost lost my mind and thought *I* was butch.

Hold that identity crisis — we'll talk again in the summer issue.



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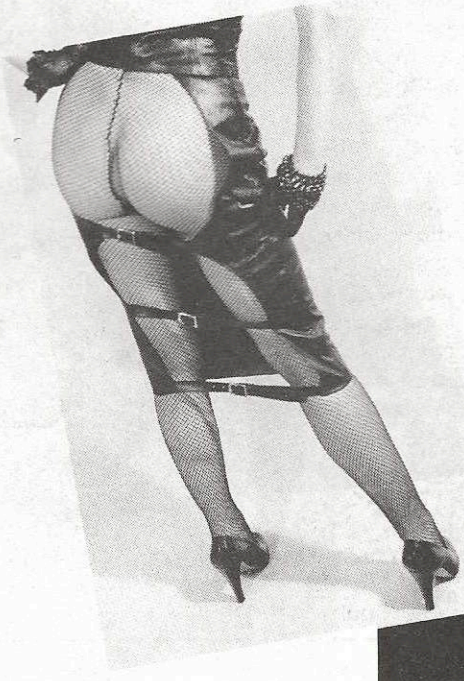

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Cathy Opie

Gotta go, Mommy! Hand grips crotch, thighs press tight, legs shake. Scared I'll wet my panties, get in trouble. Good girls don't want wee-wee to trickle down their legs, all warm and sweet. I'm a good girl—everybody says so. I wish I could be a bad girl.

My oldest naughty memory? Another little girl and I are playing house. There's a potty chair in the toybox. We both need to go to the bathroom, but we're too old to do it like babies, aren't we? No. She wants me to watch her do it. I want to watch her do it. She lifts up the skirt of her plaid dress. My jeans are too tight. She pulls down her frilly white panties. She sits on the potty. It hurts between my legs—a nice hurt. She makes her pee-pee go tinkle. I feel all funny inside. She giggles at me. I run from the room.

Lover bitches at me: "I never have any privacy—you won't even let me pee alone!" But how could I waste such a golden opportunity?

Dream woman—she lies atop my prone body, humps my butt until I come, then lets loose her hot piss, soaking my grateful ass.

On a camping trip, every time the hike pauses, I head for the bushes. I squeeze out a few drops, then stare as my sisters hunker down to go in the woods.

Nipples peak beneath my cotton t-shirt, when I sit on the cool wood seat. Biting my lower lip, I squeeze my tits hard, milking my piss into the porcelain bowl.

Sitting backwards on the toilet, I admire the bubbles my gold waterfall makes in the pool below. Standing in the shower, I secretly bathe my thighs with a golden gusher.

Health concerns lead me to dose up on vitamin C. Now my piss nearly glows in the dark!

One hand buttoning up her 501s, a butch swaggers out of the women's restroom stall that inexplicably has a urinal, not a toilet. How did she manage? Did she straddle it like a cop's white Harley?

Water sports, anyone? These games are to my taste!

Every woman, every where, every day—think of all that urine just flushing away, unappreciated. What a waste of waste!

Restrooms are a challenge—such public places for one's private pleasures. First, empty your own bladder, unless you are a woman of supreme self-control. Now, tease your clit until it throbs. Leave your stall and wash up. Check in the mirror to be sure you don't look eager—nonchalance is required here. Casually lean against a wall, as if waiting for a dilatory companion. Savor it all: glimpses of bare thigh through stall-door cracks; pungent, womanly aromas; the liquid rhythms with which women relieve themselves. Should you become so aroused that you need sexual relief, simply choose an empty stall.

Softly and respectfully, despite intense desire, I beg a stranger to suckle at her loins, to imbibe the forbidden fluid. She nods in silent acquiescence. I fall to my knees and gaze up adoringly. She moans once, then bestows upon me the glorious, golden elixir. I drink deep.

LESBIAN SEXUAL IDENTITY IN THE AGE OF AIDS

Before AIDS ever surfaced, sex for women was anything but safe. Sexual abuse, the risk of unwanted pregnancy, the uncertain status of abortion, and the threat of rape all conspired to create an atmosphere for women of sexual vulnerability. Far from being something new, the quest for safe sex has been a constant feature of female existence. From our mothers' warnings against 'going too far' to the feminist insistence that, at best, we are all 'sexual survivors,' risk and desire are braided together in female sexuality. So women are old hands at calculating the pleasure/danger equation. But we don't all come up with the same answers.

For those of us who spent ten or fifteen years puzzling through the sexual implications of feminism and the lesbian contiuum, eroticism itself was in danger of becoming a forbidden fruit. Pleasure *was* danger: sexual attraction was deemed objectification and therefore exploitation, drugs and alcohol were agents of substance abuse, and sexist rock and roll was to be replaced by healing women's music. The community's focus on safety shielded women from danger, but by the mid-'80s it was threatening to bore us to tears.

Then pleasure made a comeback. Many lesbians identified the adventurous eroticism of gay men as providing inspiration for lesbian sexual exploration. In the past few years, lesbian desire found a voice — and she sounds as hot and bothered as we all hoped she would.

Lesbian sex manuals and magazines, sex shops and strip shows, sex parties and porn films are all finding their audience. But each of these by-women-for-women erotic productions reflects the tension between sexual pleasure and peril in women's lives. In the introduction to the first lesbian SM anthology, *Coming to Power*, the editors informed readers that a debate had taken place within the group about "whether we could add disclaimers to the fiction pieces, a statement akin to 'Remember, this is only fantasy.'" Yet it is inconceivable that any collection of porn intended for a male public — gay or straight — would need such a comment.

Honey Lee Cottrell

How to use a rubber dam

Women's awareness of sexual danger often translates into explicit concern with safety and responsibility in sex play, whether that safety is established through prenegotiated SM or unspoken deep intimacy. Lesbian reliance on intimacy has paid off in the creation of a richly interconnected sexual community. In fact, it sometimes feels a little *too* interconnected. The premium placed on safety and trust also contributes to the contemporary lesbian sin of "merging" — losing one's individual identity to the collective "we" of the couple. Intense intimacy in a community of limited size can lead to an incestuous sorority. The absolutely anonymous exchange or pleasure in gay men's tea room sex, for example, has no lesbian equivalent.

Despite the pitfalls of lesbian serial monogamy, the lesbian relationship is an increasingly attractive model for some gay men who are trying "to create a haven in a heartless world."

San Francisco AIDS activist and historian Jenny Terry explains: "Gay men facing AIDS and ARC are struggling with how best to create webs of support and care, and how to organize sexual relationships with a real possibility of negotiation around safety. Among gay men, the lesbian relationship is widely seen as a stable emotional unit based on a kind of connection that has nothing to do with anonymity but rather with deep-rooted awareness and familiarity." These qualities are clearly crucial when it becomes important to know something about the people with whom one is being sexual.

It is somehow fitting that gay men, in their search for responsible and safe sex, should now turn to a romanticised version of the lesbian relationship, after years in which lesbians used a romanticised version of gay men's sexuality as a model for our sexual explorations. But mutual admiration of one another's idealized "lifestyles" may blind us to some shortcomings of each.

The language of gay sexual practice is increasingly filled with the rhetoric of "addiction." Sex is seen to have gotten out of control; a new sobriety is preached. Jenny Terry comments, "In the context of the AIDS crisis, the discussion among men is not only about how to form closer relationships, but also how to control a 'compulsive' sexuality. My concern is that lesbians get put up as some kind of temperance model."

(continued on page 45)

LESBIANS AND THE HITE REPORT

All the publicity and hoopla that's surrounded Shere Hite's latest "report," *Women and Love: a Cultural Revolution in Progress* (NY: Knopf, 1987), might lead one to believe that reading the reviews, interviews, and culled tidbits could almost substitute for reading the book itself. The noisy media focus on women's view of men as insensitive, unable to listen, and indifferent lovers obscures the most provocative chapter in the book: 100 pages on "Women Loving Women," which conclude that lesbian relationships are emotionally and sexually much more satisfying than heterosexual ones. Although Hite can't seem to use the word "Lesbian," she doesn't avoid the sexual statistics. Eighty-one percent of the lesbians she interviewed named sex as the second most important pleasure in their relationships (the first was being able to talk intimately to one another), and she observes that lesbians have a much higher percentage of orgasms than do heterosexual women. There are some other interesting numbers as well: 33% of the lesbians interviewed have sex outside their primary relationships; 34% had their first lesbian relationship after the age of 40; 54% view their sexuality as biologically determined—only 23% claim it as a political choice. *Women and Love* also discusses, without judgment, topics such as S/M, and lesbians who occasionally sleep with men. Finally, 46% of the lesbians she interviewed admitted to being in the closet. If it's true that only a bit more than half of us are visible, think what the implications for Hite's "cultural revolution" would be if the hidden half came out.

PROUD TO BE STRESSED

Statistics about lesbians are cropping up in other places as well. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* recently reported the results of a national survey on lesbian health care. Caitlin Ryan, under contract with the National Lesbian and Gay Health Foundation, and funded by the National Institute of

Jill Posener

Mental Health, surveyed nearly 2,000 lesbians about stress, discrimination, physical and mental health services, community and social life, and physical and sexual abuse.

The most surprising result didn't have to do with health, however: 71% of the lesbians surveyed had completed college, and nearly half of this number (31%) held graduate degrees, figures much higher than the general population of women.

Less surprising was how little we are paid for our education. Sixty-four percent earned less than $20,000 a year; 88% less than $30,000. Caitlin's study found lesbians, in general, to be a highly stressed, urban dwelling group whose biggest worries, listed in order, were money, love and job. Also reported were a high degree of political activism (38%), and a highly developed ability to cope with the stresses of being a minority group — 75% had sought professional counseling, and another 21% had considered doing so.

The most important aspect of the survey, however, is the documentation of discrimination. More than 50% reported verbal attacks related to their lesbianism, 8% reported physical attacks, 13% had been fired for being gay. Eight percent claimed being lesbian affected the kind of health care they received. The survey itself ran into a bit of discrimination when three different data keypunching companies refused to code the survey results, one claiming that the keypunchers feared getting AIDS from the materials.

SECOND LESBIAN AIDS CASE

One area where we could use some statistics is in the reporting of AIDS. The CDC doesn't distinguish between lesbians and heterosexual women, allegedly because lesbianism "is not a transmission category."

Nonetheless, a second case of lesbian sexual transmission has been documented, in this instance, a Filipino woman who traveled extensively between 1981 and 1983 and reported oral sex with multiple female partners as her only risk factor. She used no IV drugs, had no gay or bisexual male partners, had received no blood transfusions — the risk factors thus far for other lesbians with AIDS — and various AIDS experts are puzzled.

Oral sex between women is a "low risk" behavior, which means it's a theoretical method of transmission only; the reporting doctors for this case are being chastised for not asking about shared sex toys or "traumatic vaginal contact," which are high risk. Just how "theoretical" oral sexual transmission of the HIV virus may be is going to be difficult to assess, however, if the experts-that-be don't recognize lesbians as a category. Don't let CDC bigotry keep you from reaching for those rubber dams!

ILLINOIS DILDO BAN

Where we should be protesting is in Illinois. The state legislature there just voted (90 to 2!) to ban the "offering for sale" of dildos. Evidently, someone found one discarded on her lawn and made a very large fuss. (Would she have felt better if it'd been wearing a condom? Lucky she didn't find one that'd been chopped to pieces in a lesbian frenzy.) An appropriate form of protest might be thousands of angry women (lesbian *and* straight) marching on house and senate, waving their favorite dildos and dildo-shaped vibrators in all varieties of shape, color, and material. Meanwhile, be cautious of what you do with your worn-out dildo and, if you live in Illinois, consult the ads which offer sex toys through the mail.

I love taking a big butch girl down, back to...

THE PLACE SHE LEFT BEHIND

by Dragon

I picked her up at her house in the Camaro. That car wasn't the best I'd ever driven; it needed a clutch adjustment and a solid wax job, and I didn't have a home girl to take care of that kind of stuff right now. But the car had flash, and that's what this one liked, I could tell the night I met her in the bar. Flash—and a good line she could fall for like a ton of bricks. She wanted her man and she wanted me.

I had known who this girl was, known her as a jock ballplayer from a few years back, when fastpitch was big in our burg. She was a mover, a womanizer, sending the pink fluttering hearts scampering for cover all over the Parks Department. She'd put on about seventy pounds drinking beer since her ball-playing days. Not that I cared. I love the rippling round strength, the exquisite softness, the excellence of a fat girl.

But she cared, too much. It ate at her, her big belly and poochy thighs. It kind of shocked her when I hauled up and sat next to her at the bar and started talking. Almost immediately she started telling me things about herself. And that's a good sign.

She'd always played the aggressor, the big baddie, licked a lot of good pussy in her travels. All bravado, all macho, but lately it seemed like it was wearing her out. I listened and watched her eyes sparkle and grow softer, and just as I was beginning to think she'd never say it, she looked up at me from her beer glass.

"You do something to me," she confessed. "For a long time I've been wanting—I mean, I hope you will, you know, take me and crush me. Is that how to ask?" Her voice trailed off and she looked away, suddenly little in her levi jacket on the barstool.

As they say, you have to open the window and invite the vampire in. I took her shoulders in my hands and half-turned her to face me. "Be ready on Friday when I pick you up," I said. "Wear some old tight jeans and a pretty girl's blouse. Strap those tits into a lace brassiere and color your eyes nice. Buy the stuff you need or borrow it, but I want to see your feminine self prepared for my weekend pleasure."

Friday evening, she was ready and waiting, though she tried to be cool, gathering up her gear in two little bags that said 'Giorgio' and 'Faberge' on the side. Femmed out to the hilt, big as she was. She's got quite a secret heart, I thought. Never went to the prom, never been taken away for that special weekend by the ocean. It's a bit new to her, this femme stuff, but she likes it. Years have gone by in her life, while this part of her has gone without. She'll be ready to pay deep for the privilege, I thought, so she will.

I love taking a big butch girl down, back to the place she left behind because no one cared or took it seriously. I love watching the years and the walls fall away like her clothes, peeled off one by one. I love to watch her face go under from just a look. This girl was making it easy, maybe too easy. She was moving around an awful lot in the seat of my car in her tight jeans. "Don't be doing it to yourself," I warned, "There's a long drive ahead." She blushed, apologized, and began to chat while I listened for more clues. About fifteen minutes outside of Neah Bay I adjusted my tack and started making it clear to her that she was mine, all mine, for the duration. I told her that when we got there that she was responsible for unloading our gear, for making the fire, for laying out my tools. I told her that I expected details attended to with precision and perfection. I told her that she was not free, she was not in charge, and that her job was to please me. I expected and would tolerate no less. I told her that I knew she was a fucker and that I knew she wanted desperately to

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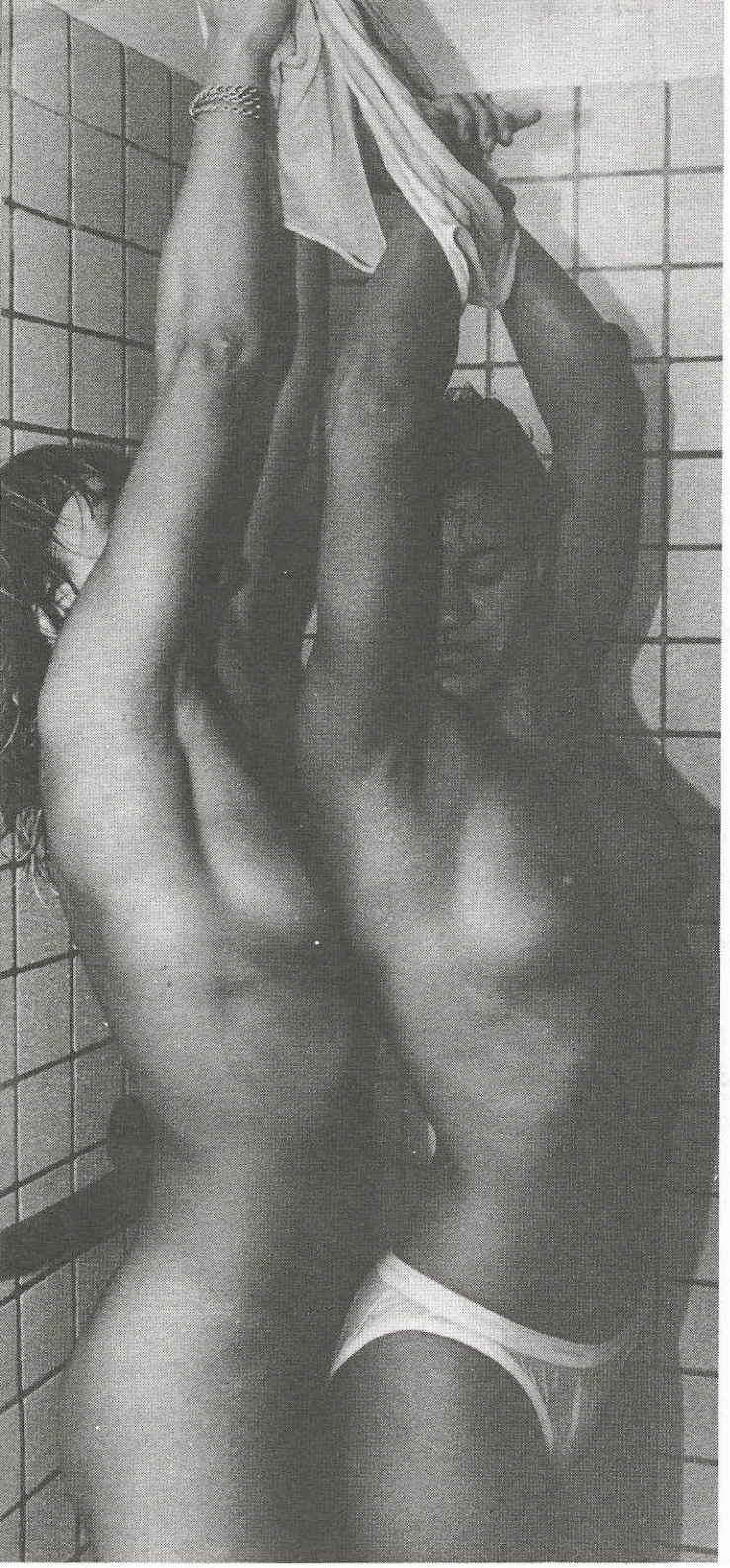
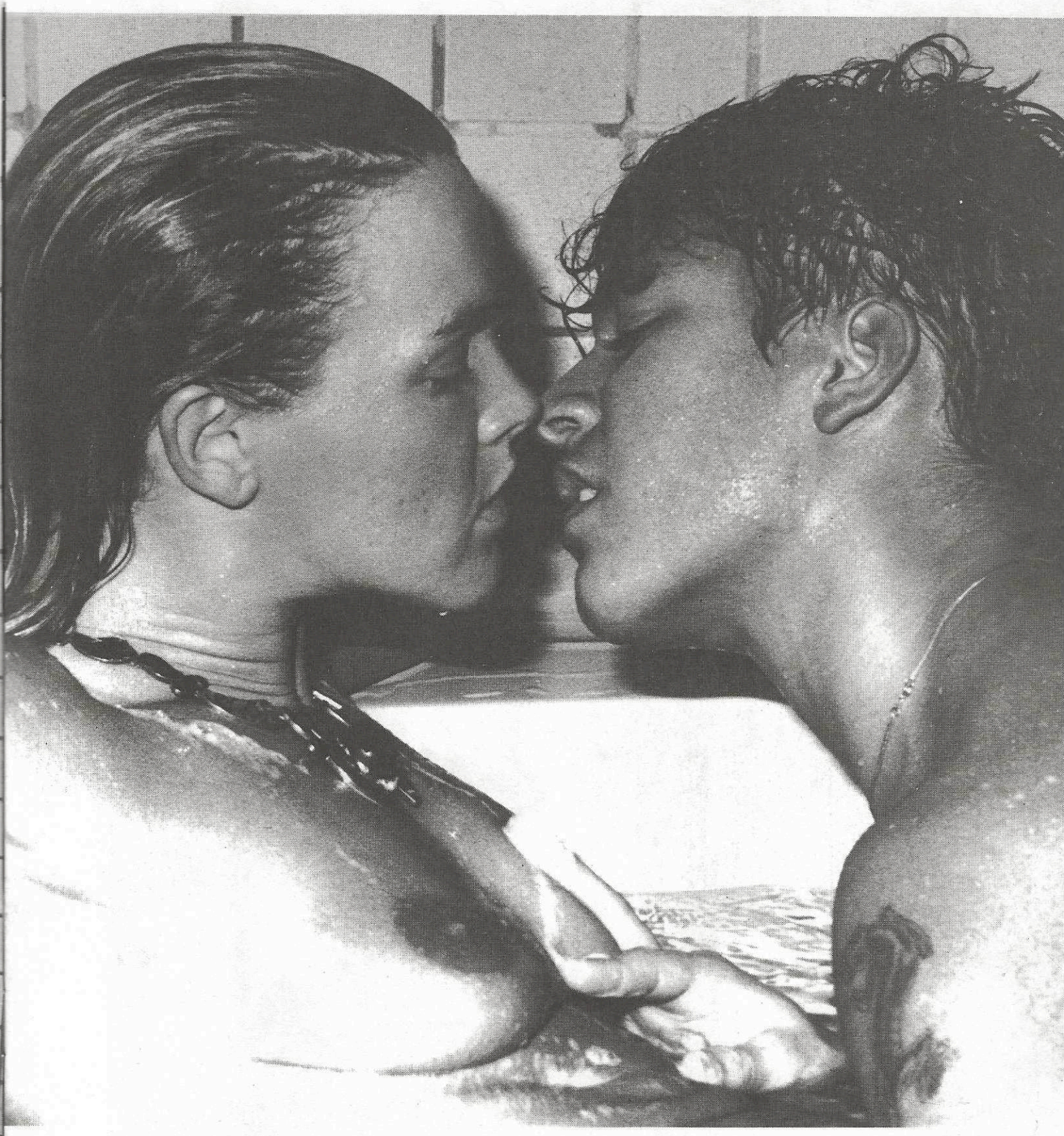
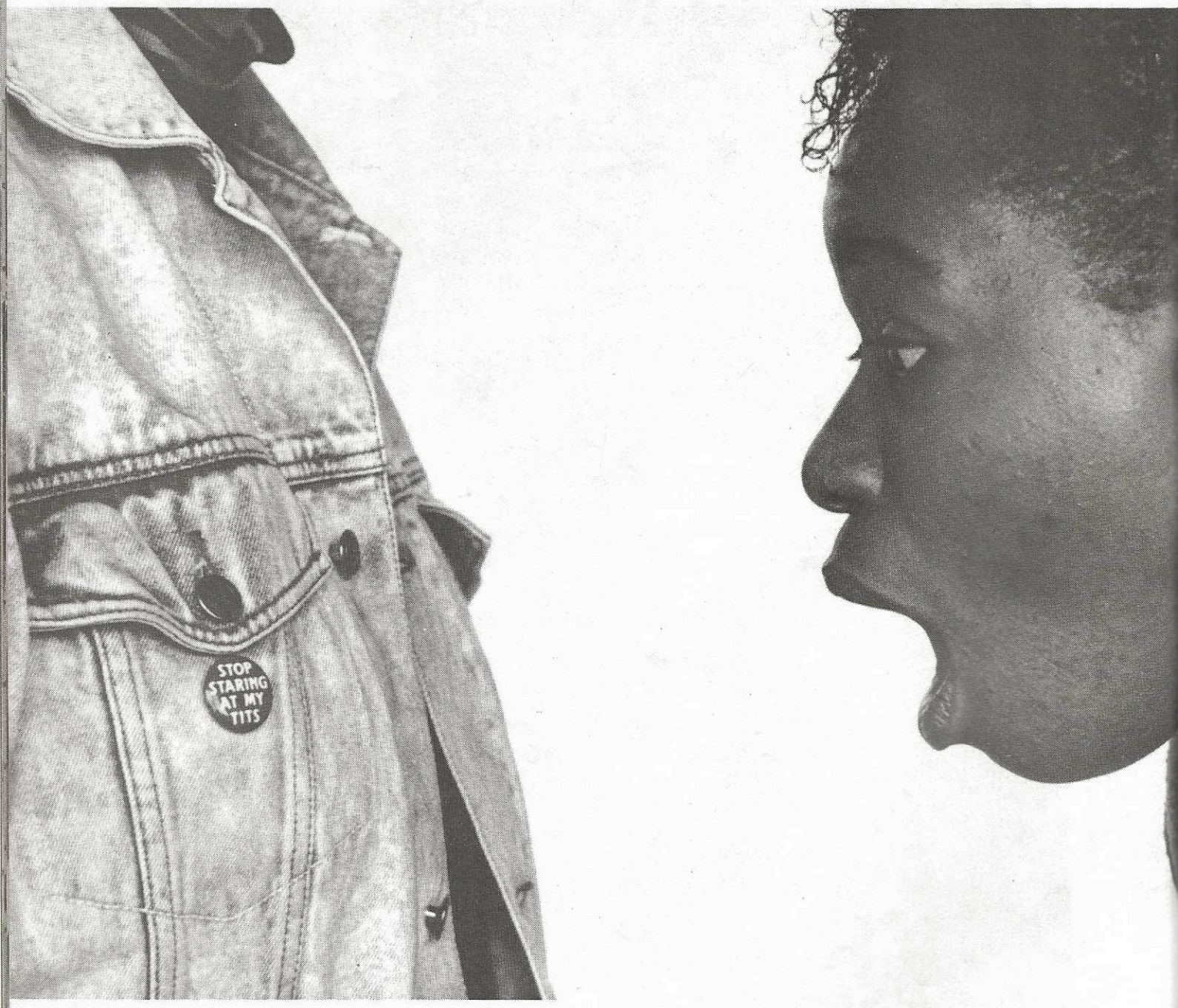
Portrait of Author by Katie Niles

TAVANA & VANESSA

Photos by C.L. Prochazka & Audran Deaulon







WILDSI

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– Dot Cogdell –

It started out as just another day. I mean just another December 25th which may as well have been October first or Friday the 13th. I woke up, ran the tub full of hot water and gulped down three bowls of Captain Crunch's Peanut Butter Cereal. I got in the tub at which time my eyes opened wider than I've ever known. The water was scalding me to death. "God Dammit," I yelled and sprang out of the tub quicker than a thousand ants could cover a picnic blanket. I stepped over to the refrigerator and flung the door open to shiver for ten minutes in front of the freezer. I also opened all of the windows in my house only to immediately slam them shut. "For crying out loud, it's the dead of December," I whined. I stared out of the last closed window at some children playing outside. A wonderful feeling came over me and I ran back to the tub. Just before reaching it, however, my body went flying cockeyed straight, I mean directly, for the sudsy water. No, I wasn't making a heroic Wonder Woman leap—I tripped on my towel. My mouth opened wide and I swallowed a ton of "Mr. Bubble."

At that point, I realized that I could die a painful death in my bathtub and nobody would be the wiser. But what extravagance just for a little old bath. Reluctantly, I got out of the tub and dashed for the passion of my life—the full length mirror in my bedroom. Upon greeting myself in the mirror, I remarked, "You Goodlooking Thang You. Don't you ever die." (After saying that every morning I usually remember my mother saying how I'm getting to look more like a little boy everyday.) I laughed out loud. I pressed my breasts against the mirror and chuckled, "Look, Ma, no balls." I gazed at my feminine fluff and added, "My god, I've been castrated." But I reminded myself not to play like that, or as Ma has warned a billion times: "Girl, The Lord is going to strike you down for that foolishness." And I knew that she meant Pa was The Lord so I stopped.

I stood in front of the mirror naked as a drumhead. For a moment, I got homesick. But even through the homesickness I could see that in the mirror before me stood the sexiest Black woman known to female kind.

I turned the radio on and began to dance around the room, making sure I could still see myself in the mirror. Eventually, as all good things must come to an end, I had to get dressed this twenty-fifth day of December. I put on my red underwear, beige socks and bra, a dress shirt with a shetland wool vest, black tuxedo jacket, my best slacks and my new brown patent leather shoes. My hair was pulled back into what my mother calls "a masculine ponytail." I went outside but discovered it was colder than I thought and I was still hungry. Back into the house I went and put my overcoat on. But it didn't match my snazzy dress pants so I took it off and ate three apples and another bowl of Captain Crunch.

I called a couple of friends on the phone and the three of us went to the movies. They were dykes, too, so hanging out with them on the twenty-fifth day of December made the evening more bearable. We saw "Crimes of the Heart." After the movie, Barb, Cathy, and I went to shoot pool at the Riviera. The Riviera is a lesbian hangout where one can find women of all ages, types, and someday, races. Anyway, it was here that I discovered that all lesbians are not named Barb and Cathy. They're all named Terri, with various spellings. There was nothing happening at the Riv so Barb and Cathy left. I stayed because I had just won the table and I NEVER LEAVE AFTER WINNING THE TABLE.

I was about to shoot an easy shot lined up with the hole on the side pocket of the table, when in walked this striking Annie Lenox look-alike. Our eyes met and we both smiled. She walked past me and said, "Hello there." I nearly creamed my jeans. A few people laughed and somebody yelled, "Are you going to shoot or not?"

I put the ball in the side pocket and continued to ogle the flamboyant blonde. I went and sat beside her at the table. But people immediately yelled, "It's your shot, Braxton!" The nerve of those people calling my given name out loud in public. They know I go by B-Jay. Anyway, I reluctantly left the blond's table and went back to the green table and cleared the last three balls in succession.

Some women asked me to let them have the table, and of course I said "No." But, the blonde came up and said, "Oh, let them have the table and come dance with me."

Everybody within earshot began cheering, "Yeah, go for it, Braxton!" The Terrys who wanted a turn at the pool table were dancing around in circles.

The blonde lady who was standing close to me took me by the hand and led me to the dance floor. The music was loud and we were slow dancing. I was getting warm all over and she was getting closer and closer to me. I could still hear people cheering, "Go for it" and "Grab the gusto" and "DO IT." We were the only people on the dance floor so everything we did was noticeable and commented on.

We went back to her table, because people were getting crude with their comments as well as being voyeuristic. She said, "I'm Sasha," and offered her hand out for me to kiss.

"I'm Braxton. But people call me B-Jay." I kissed her hand.

"You sure are a cute little devil," she said and then punched me in the stomach, "But how tough are you?"

"What?" I asked, rubbing my stomach.

She stood on my feet and said in a pleasant voice, "Are you tough, Sweetie?"

I looked her square in the eyes. God, she was gorgeous. "I'm tough enough for the important stuff," I said and pulled myself up so that I seemed taller.

She smiled, "Well, have you ever handled a whip?"

I looked at her again. A whip! I thought she must be the dyke Mother warned me about. I laughed, "You're kidding."

She lifted one foot off mine and then stomped hard, "Does it look like I'm kidding?"

"Get the fuck off me." I pushed her backwards. She fell to the floor on her butt. I extended an arm to help her get up. She smiled and her warm beauty made me melt all over again. "You're all right," I said and helped her to her feet.

She grabbed me by the collar and pulled my body close to hers. "My wife is out of town for four days. Let's party."

"Your wife! Is she a S&M mama who's going to strangle me for seeing you?"

Sasha laughed. "My wife's a pussy cat."

"Probably more like a jungle wolf," I mumbled. "Listen, it's dead in here. I'm going to Perry's." I said as an afterthought, "Care to come with me?

I looked up at her from my knees and thought, damn, she's sexy and kinky as hell

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"You bet." She bit my hand and I yelled. She laughed, "A live one. And sexy, too. I'm driving with some friends so I'll meet you, O.K.?" Her eyebrows formed a raised hyphen.

"Cool," I said and went to round up some friends to drive over with me just in case this blonde Sasha bombshell was a real killer.

"You'd better show up." She pinched my breasts hard.

"I will," I said and gave her a knee to the crotch. This was scary but exciting as hell.

We looked at each other and smiled. She rubbed her crotch and pushed me to my knees. "Kiss it and make it all better."

I did. I looked up at her from my knees and thought, damn, she's sexy and kinky as hell. "I'll meet you at Perry's." She pulled me to my feet. We kissed, but it was just a peck.

In the car on the way to Perry's I though about being with Sasha. I wondered just how rough she was going to be with me. And whether or not to ask a friend to play chaperone. Heck of a December 25th, I thought, and it's certainly the most exciting I've had in a long time.

Well, my group arrived at Perry's before Sasha's and we went directly to the dance floor. All five of us. Perry's was practically standing room only and there was so much energy on the dance floor that it shook the room. I could feel the bass of the music trembling in my chest. We grabbed three tables and put them together so that we had a seating arrangement for fifteen. The gay men and the straights try to save seats for their friends but we lesbians always reign supreme and manage to have three or four large lesbian table sections in the bar.

Sasha's group arrived with a loud ruckus and she immediately came over and sat on my lap. We kissed, a little more than a peck, and ordered drinks.

I introduced her to my group and she introduced me to her group. We had two empty chairs at the table, but we knew they'd soon fill up.

Sasha's bigger than I am and wouldn't stop squirming in my lap. At one point, she jumped straight up and plopped back down. "Hope I'm not squishing you," she said and ground her fist into my crotch.

"Not at all," I shrieked, wondering if she broke my clitoris.

"Braxton, let's dance." She grabbed me by the armpits and dragged me to the dance floor.

I screamed all the way there. I pulled her by the belt loops of her 501s. All lesbians wear 501s, or at least own a pair. She laughed and I, as if gobbling a grape, bit her cheek. "Don't ever call me Braxton without permission."

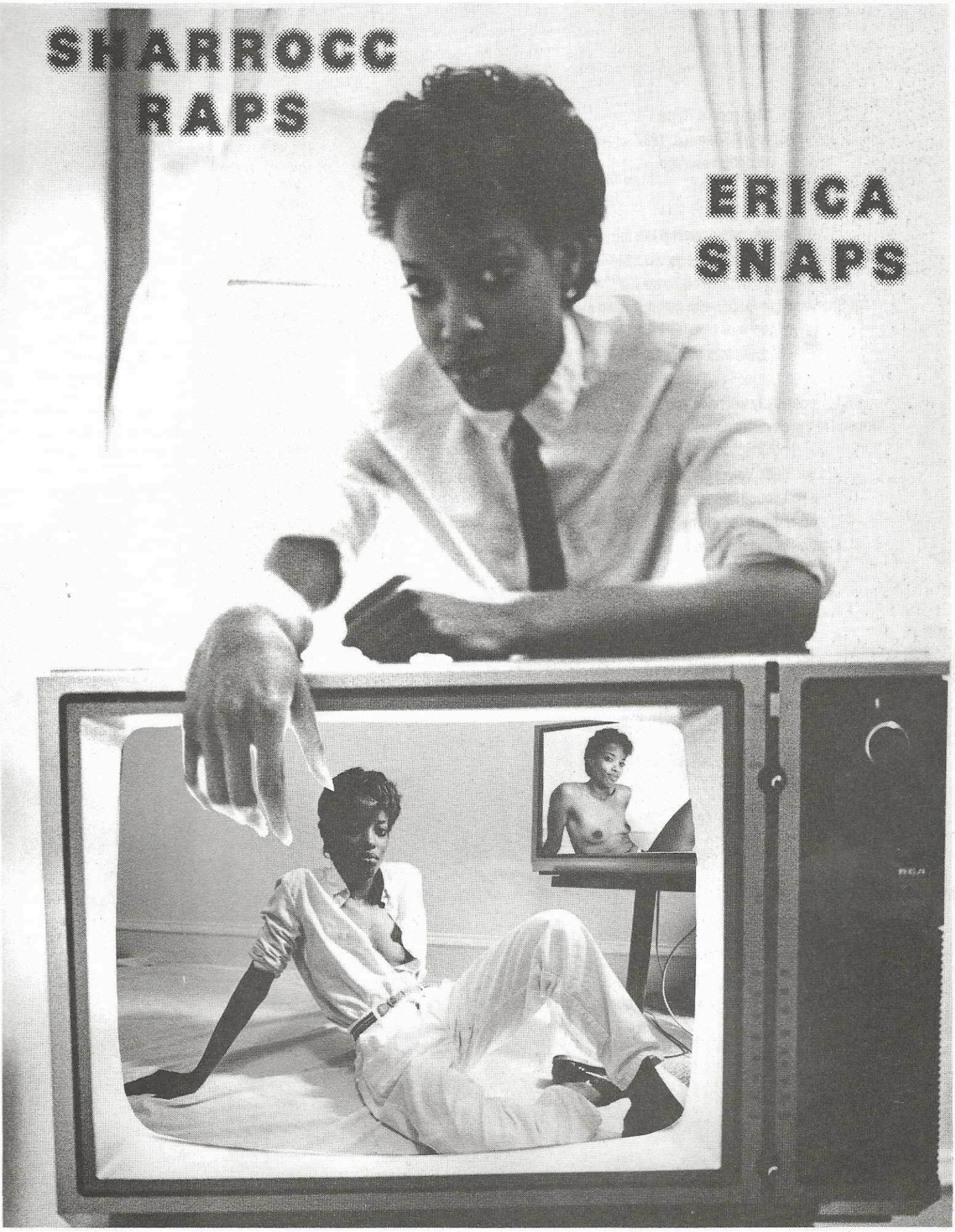
She kissed me hard on the lips. I pulled my head back to keep her from tearing the lips off my head. Then, she slipped her thigh between my thighs and lifted me off the floor. Sasha must have bounced me for half an hour on her thigh because I felt my pelvis going numb. "Do you cum in chocolate?" she asked me and finally stopped bouncing me.

"Come to the bathroom with me and you'll find out." I was grateful to have both feet back on the floor.

We walked hand-in-hand to the john. I put my hand out to open the door and Sasha shoved me into the small room. She bent her blonde head forward like she was about to reluctantly scold a child. "May I call you Braxton?" she asked in a calm, passive manner. But even through this new manner of hers I knew she was as innocent as sin.

"Yes, you may," I answered as if granting permission to a schoolgirl. I was scared to death of this aggressive, genteel woman.

(continued on page 42)


SHARROCC
RAPS
ERICA
SNAPS

Sharrocc's Raps

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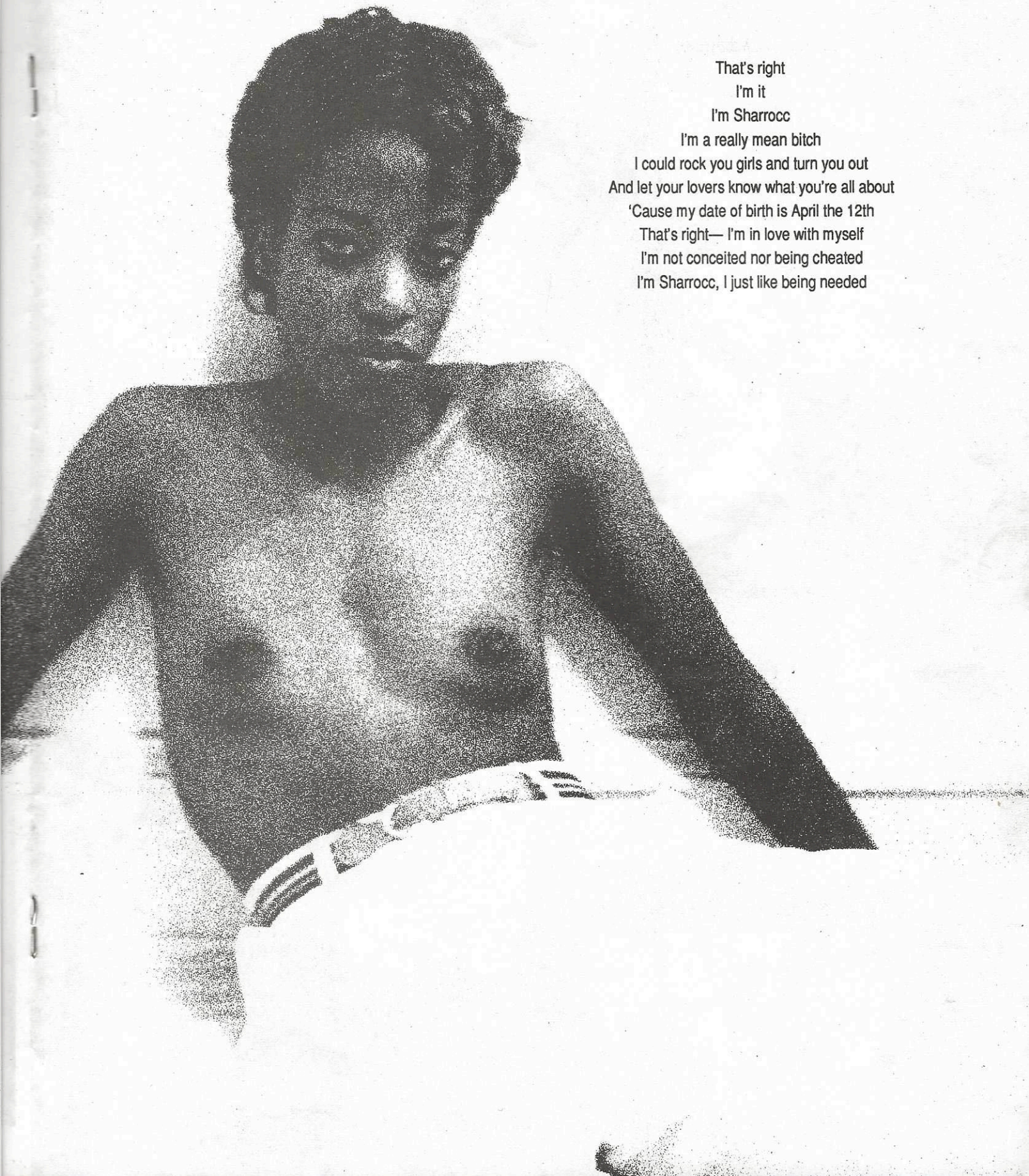
No other rapper can rap like me
I can fuck to the beat so viciously
I'm 5 foot 5, I don't take no jive
I'm Sharrocc, the rapper with the big brown eyes

I could fuck you right
or fuck you wrong
I definitely will have you sprung
'Cause I'm the devastating lesbian you'll never forget
I put the women in check
Like Black Velvet and Sugar Bear
All you young ladies better beware
So listen to the rhyme that I say
Cause I'm just about to make your day

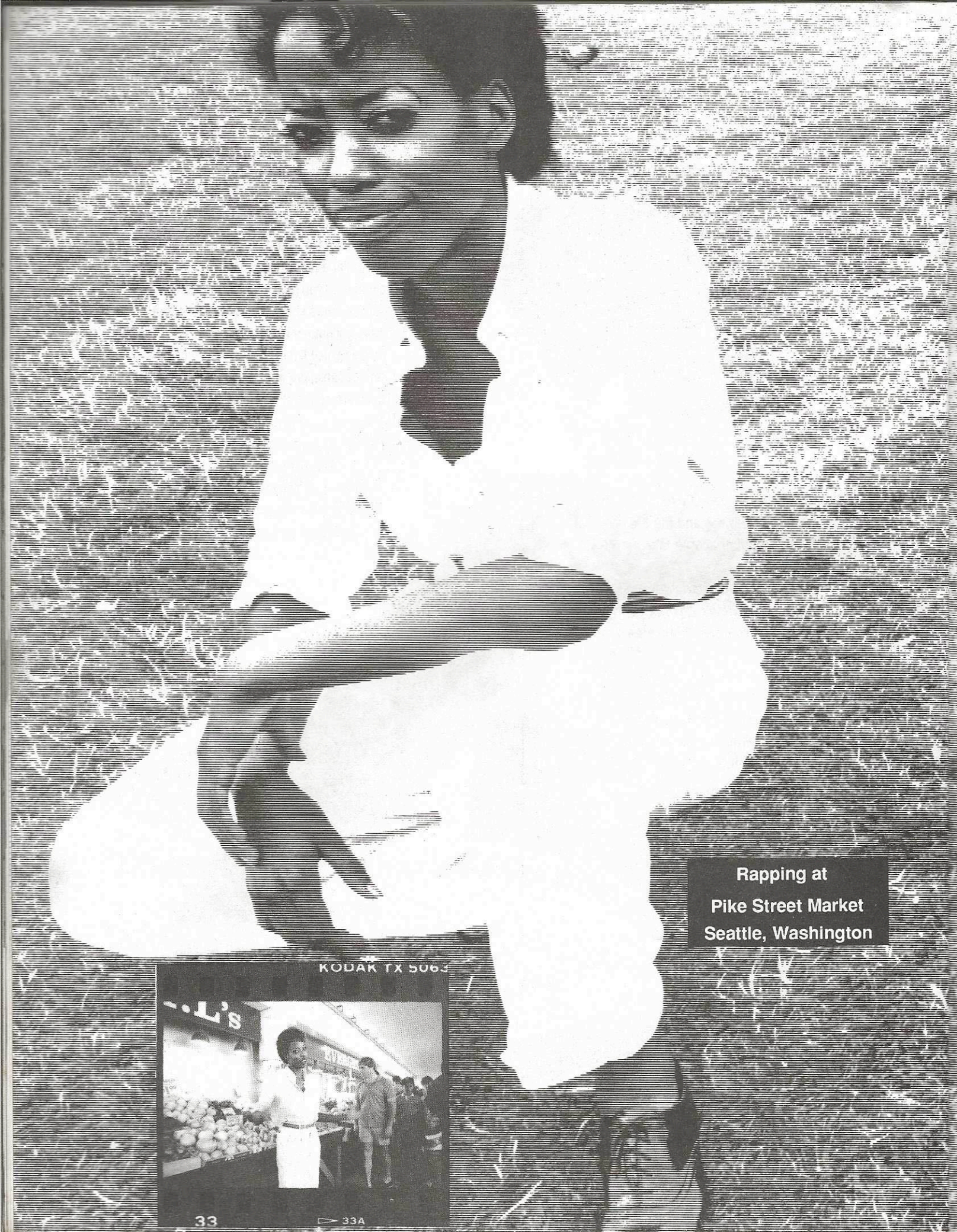
My raps are Sweet
and my rhymes neat
'Cause baby I'm so unique
Like Tina Tuner and Diana Ross
When it comes to love
I am the boss

I met a sly guy by the name of Roy
He was nothing less, just another boy
His game was weak, he had no physique,
He looked like something from Friday the 13th
His hair wasn't even combed
He looked like something the dog brought home

He said, hey Baby, what you got to say,
I said, like GI Joe, I'm GI gay
He said, Baby, you're missing out
and I said, a woman is what it's all about.



That's right
I'm it
I'm Sharrocc
I'm a really mean bitch
I could rock you girls and turn you out
And let your lovers know what you're all about
'Cause my date of birth is April the 12th
That's right— I'm in love with myself
I'm not conceited nor being cheated
I'm Sharrocc, I just like being needed



Rapping at
Pike Street Market
Seattle, Washington

Erica's Answer

Now let Erica tell you 'bout a night
The rain was soft and the stars were bright
From out of town, I was on my own
I was all alone, far from home

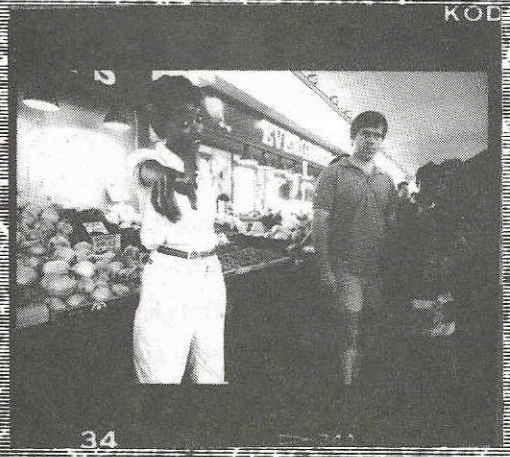
There she was so true and fine
Like a gorgeous vision, so sublime
She asked to dance so I took the chance
We moved so slow and her eyes met mine

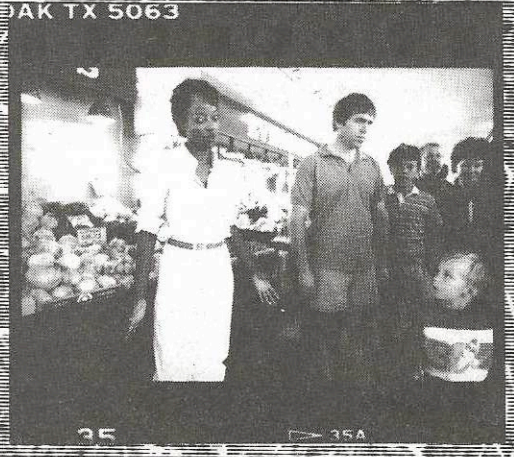
Who is this girl seducing you?
She 's young and shy but oh so sly
I felt her hands upon my thigh

She took the lead she did succeed
We're off the floor and out the door
The endless night could take no more

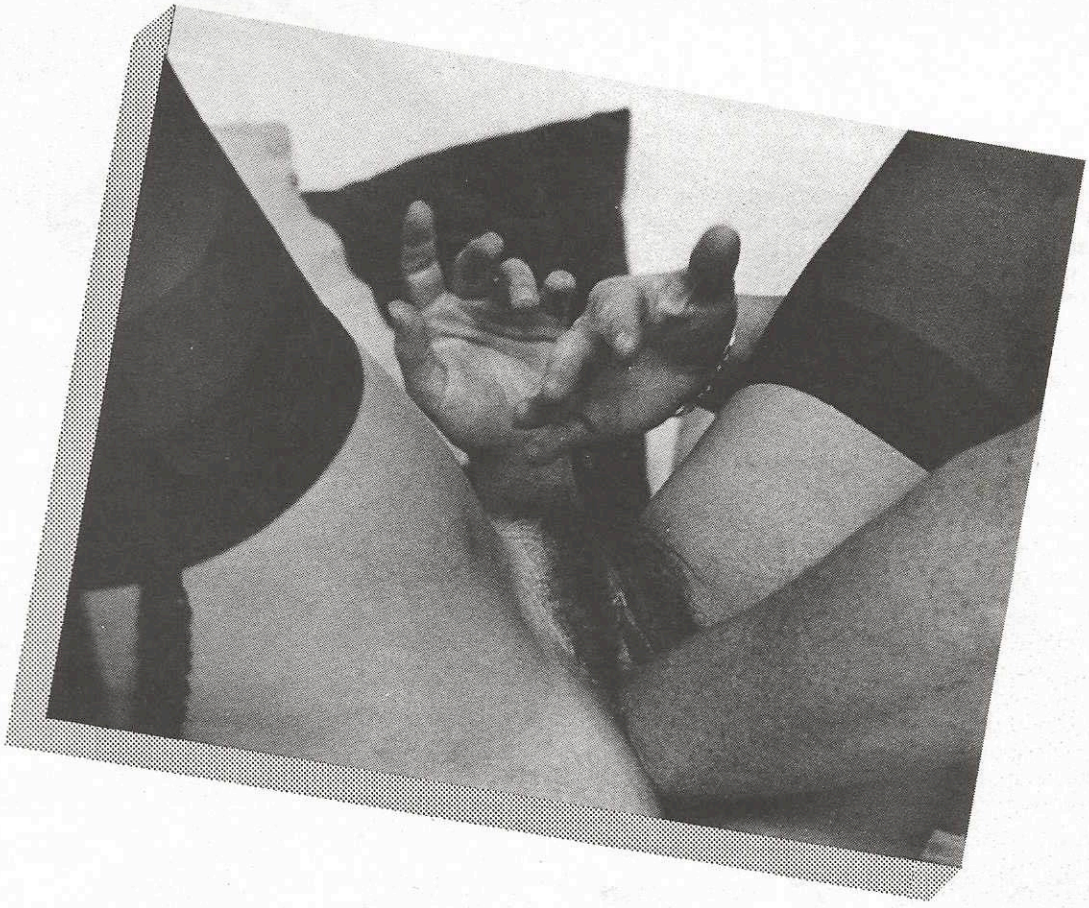
We took the next day to go and play
Through the streets she rapped to me
My camera snapped some memories

Fantasize, visualize, romanticize
Being a stranger and meeting a girl
Puts your head all in a swirl
You wonder who you are and who she is
And then she's gone —like a Wiz





WHAT SHE DID WITH HER HANDS



an exploration by dorothy allison

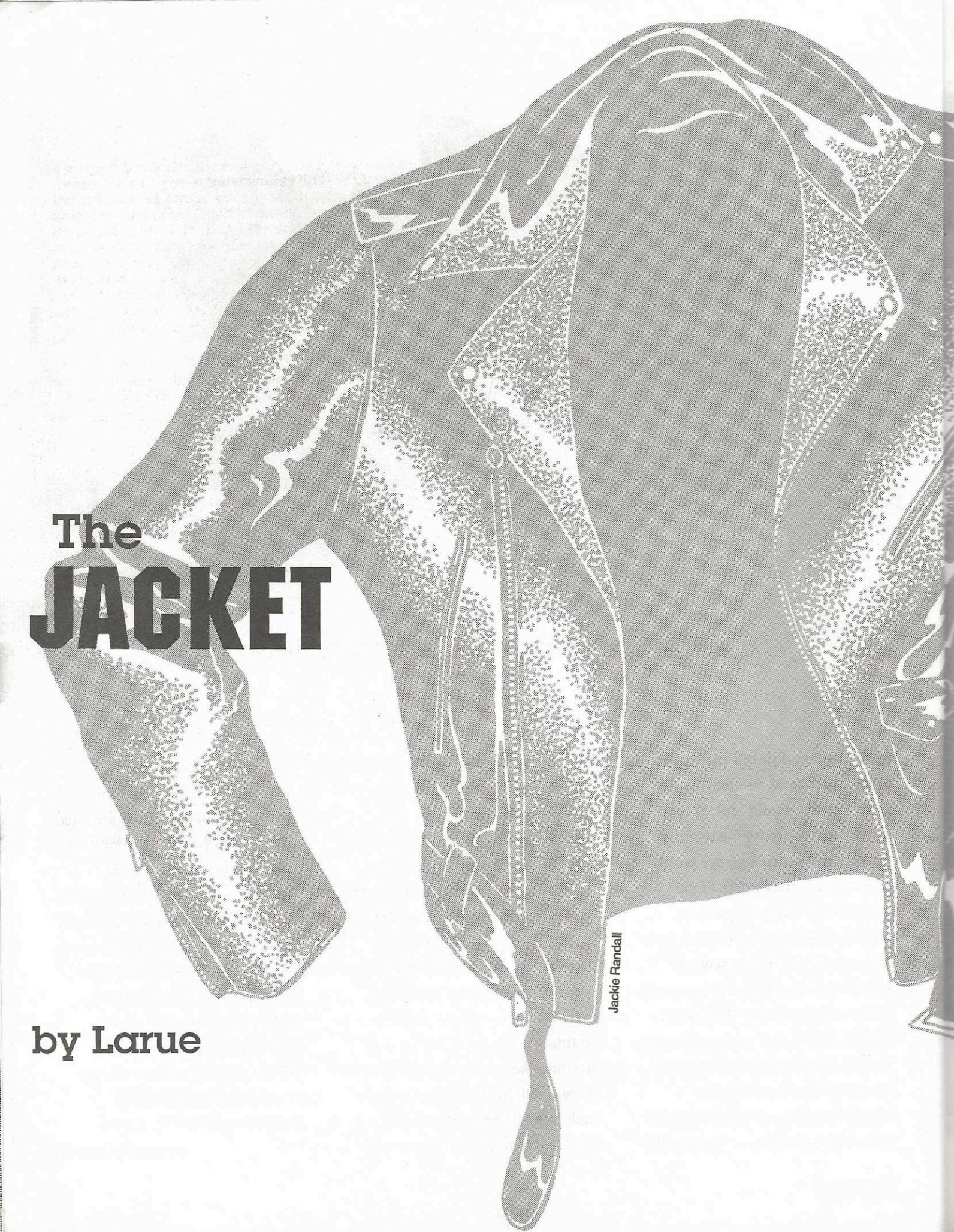
For years, I didn't really understand it—the way women would look at each other's hands across the bar, the way some women's glance would trail up from the fingers to the swell of the knuckles, past the wrist to the forearm, and then look away suddenly if they saw me watching them. I used to hang out at the only gay bar in Tallahassee, Florida, and watch women stare as the tall, slim-hipped bartender would lift four beer bottles together, their pupils reflecting the cable-like tightening of the muscles from her wrist to elbow. I watched the other women lick their lips, look away and inevitably look back again, and I knew by their manner that it was about *sex*.

I'd look back myself, admire the bartender's jaw, black eyes and the curling short hair on her neck. I loved the way her hips moved, the way her tongue would peek out between her lips when she was counting change, but I didn't really see the power of her hands. They were small, finely shaped, and the nails were trimmed down and filed, but then most lesbians wore their nails that way. It was nothing special as far as I could see. I would look back to see what all the women were watching, but I couldn't quite figure it out.

There was a whole language in the subtle movements of women's hands on a shotglass, but for me it was like hearing someone speak French. Even what I thought I understood turned out to be mostly misunderstanding. A raised eyebrow, a direct glance, or a shy tongue appearing suddenly on a full lip were all

(continued on page 36)

The JACKET



Jackie Randall

by Larue

Jane fought her way up through levels of sleep. There was something wrong; she wasn't comfortable. Coming to consciousness was always difficult, and it seemed at that moment, like walking into a stiff wind. She and her lover had kept each other up for hours with that long, slow lovemaking that seemed to never tire them. Yet Jane was tired; tired and exhausted, and had just fallen deeply asleep. Now something urgently required her attention, and whatever it was, she didn't like it.

She opened her eyes, focused them, and found herself looking directly into Sandra's face, which was insistently close.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Jane asked. Sandra was lying on top of her full weight, and it didn't feel good. Sandra smiled and rolled off. It was then that Jane understood the real cause of her discomfort; her wrists were tied by cords to the head of the bed. Fear washed over her, and she was suddenly very awake.

Sandra sat herself on the bed with her back against the wall and her legs crossed casually over Jane's ribs. Jane could have worked her way up to a seated position if it weren't for that. As it was, she could only try to remain calm. She looked at Sandra who smiled as if she had swallowed the canary.

Jane made herself relax. She had always been able to get her way with Sandra. She asked, she wheedled, she negotiated; eventually, she wore Sandra down. Whatever she wanted badly enough, she got, and this current situation should be no problem.

They hadn't been lovers very long. Jane thought she could trust Sandra, but she wasn't completely sure. They seemed already to have begun a pattern in their lovemaking where Jane dominated, and Sandra appeared to enjoy being told what to do. Jane lay on top, and that's was how it was. Sandra mentioned several times that she could "toss and turn" as she put it, but Jane didn't go both ways. Sandra had laughed and teased her about her inability to take orders. Just as she was laughing now.

Jane smiled wearily, "Untie me."

Sandra leaned across her, and Jane hoped it was to begin untying her left hand. But Sandra was only reaching for the cigarettes on the nightstand, and she made sure her large breasts dangled in Jane's face. Automatically, Jane reached up to bite, but a moment too late; the breasts were already gone.

"Sandra is so cute," she thought drily, "She's tied me up just so she can hold my cigarette to my lips for me."

Sandra leaned back leisurely against the wall and put the cigarette to her own lips and lit it. She was no longer smiling and seemed momentarily distracted by some thought which took all her attention. Jane didn't know what to say. To her knowledge, Sandra didn't smoke. Jane herself smoked like a chimney. She knew that Sandra had quit some time back and still craved it. Several times when Jane had interrupted their lovemaking for a cigarette, Sandra had groaned in exasperation. Jane paid no attention; she didn't care. She was addicted, and when the urge came on her, nothing else mattered. Now, watching Sandra smoke with the huge enjoyment of long-delayed pleasure, the urge came on strong.

"What are you doing, Sandra? You don't smoke."

"I do now," stated Sandra coolly, and directed a long stream of smoke in Jane's direction.

"Well, really, it's fine with me," Jane stammered nervously, "but could you share it with me?"

"No." Another puff blew in Jane's direction.

Suddenly Sandra hoisted herself up over Jane's legs and left the closet size bedroom. As she disappeared behind the curtain into the living room, Jane called out anxiously, "Where are you going? You can't leave; you've got me all tied up here."

She could hear Sandra moving around in the messy living room, looking for something. "It's true, lover, that I do have you all tied up," she agreed sweetly. Reappearing in the doorway, she continued, "...but it's not true that I can't leave." Sandra leaned against the doorframe, wearing Jane's brown leather motorcycle jacket and nothing else. Jane saw her and began to seethe. It was her jacket, had been her jacket for fifteen years. She had personally aged the leather through years of bike riding, and she was very protective of it. Sandra was bigger than she in every way, and she was afraid that Sandra would stretch it out. Besides, it wasn't just a jacket. She'd recently begun wearing it, at Sandra's request, while they made love. She enjoyed playing the untouchable butch in it, and she was damned if anyone else was going to wear it. Furiously, she struggled to sit up and begin a tirade, when Sandra put a firm hand on her shoulder and held her down.

"Jane, sweetheart, let's do a little reality check here," Sandra said softly. Both of them used their recently acquired California-speak with their tongues firmly in cheek. "You are tied up and *I'm* in the driver's seat." Jane had never seen Sandra look so cold and hard before. There was no hesitation or leeway in her voice; nothing upon which she could arbitrate.

"I have many options, and you have none." Sandra stated matter-of-factly.

Jane was at a loss for words, as Sandra climbed on top of her, straddling her waist. Still smoking, Sandra used her last

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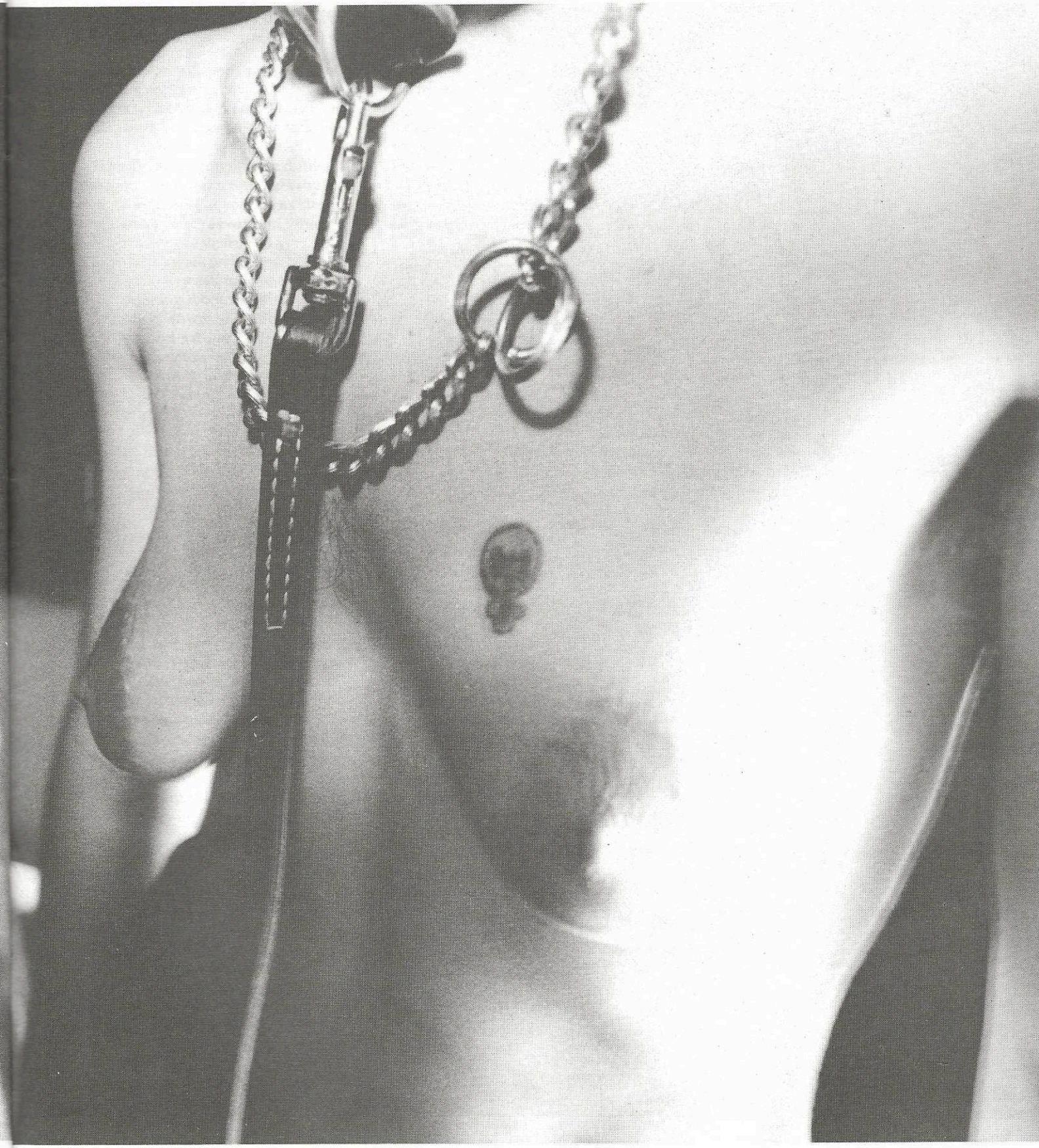
LIGHTS OUT

photography by CHRISTINE VILM



THE PLACE... *(continued from page 13)*

know how the other half lived or she wouldn't be here now.

I told her that I drank Henry's during the day and gin and tonic in the evening, and that I expected the drinks to be fresh and cold. I never drink that much when I create a scene, but I expect the drink to be there on the table, even if I never touch it.

"I suspect that you may be different from some," I said, as we pulled in by the cabin. "I suspect that you are as strong and smart as you are beautiful. Prepare the room as I have instructed you. I am going to take a walk on the beach. When I return you may ask me the questions you are thinking about. Here is the key."

I strolled down to the beach and gazed long and hard at the January sun edging low over the water. It was almost down. Pale thin light gripped the horizon, like the skinny arms of an old woman hanging on to the end of her life. I thought of Hecate, withered and strong, her black bones gaunt as winter trees, shrieking like the sharp wind through the tops of the cedars. I am the Old One tonight. I stared at the ocean until the darkness came, then hiked back up the trail.

Back at the cabin the girl had built a fire and she waited, cool to the touch, but burning inside; I could feel her heat. She had not changed her clothes of her own accord, and she did not sit waiting for me. My drink was there, shining in the firelight. I instructed her to take her clothes off except for the bra, to undress slowly so that I would enjoy it, to fold them and put them away. This she did with the grace only a big woman has, the round ass and big tits growing pink with fire and embarrassment. She had chosen a lace brassiere in a blue-violet color, no mean feat in a size 44D. The color matched her eyes. Subtle, I thought, and clever; this girl may well not disappoint me. I sat in a big armchair and had her kneel between my knees. I held her face, chin by jawbone, between my thumb and forefinger. "Is there anything you want to ask me?" I said.

She met my look with her own, steady and true. I thought about making her look down when she spoke to me, and then I thought better of it. There was something special in those blue-violet eyes, something deep and dark and beautiful. I would break her, but I would save those eyes forever.

"Will you hurt me?" she asked, "Will you hurt me for real?"

"Yes," I replied, stroking her dark short hair. "I will hurt you a little bit more than you think you can bear, and then you will know that I want you."

"Thank you, —Sir?" she breathed softly. "That is what I should call you?"

"Tonight," I said, "You will address me by that name."

"Am I pretty, Sir?" she asked, and looked away, suddenly, like a child. This was the sore place, the needy place, and I knew it.

"You are vain," I said, "And you have learned to show me that as quickly as you have learned to show me your feminine beauty." I held her jaw and turned her face back to me. "Look at me," I said, "Look at me, and never doubt it again: You are beautiful."

She looked at me straight on once again. "Is this the beginning, Sir?"

"We have already begun. Stand up," I said.

She rose and I told her to take off her bra. I made her turn around and expose herself on all sides, show me her tits and her arms, her ass and her belly. I made her bend over and grab her ankles and show me her cunt. She was rosy red inside and very wet. I stroked her cunt, and rolled her clit between my fingers like a dusky pearl.

Then she spoke, "Please, Sir, may I go and pee before you fuck me?"

She knew instinctively what she had done almost before the words were out of her mouth. I walked around and faced her. "Get down on your hands and knees," I commanded. The expression on her face was cold terror and remorse for her presumption. I went over to the bed and got the chains she'd laid out there. There were two lengths, each about four feet long. I hung them from the flue handle over the fire. They would heat up nicely in short order.

I swung around and stood over her. "You'll piss for me here and now," I said. "And I'll beat your ass for daring to decide when and if I'll fuck you."

I gave her a moment to anticipate the lash. I dangled the red leather lashes in front of her eyes. I had set silver nails into the ends of those lashes when I made that whip. They are my claws. Then I beat her, medium hard and then harder, so she'd realize I meant business.

When her shoulders and ass bore my bloody marks, she was crying, and I saw a thin trickle of urine running down the inside of her leg. I held off and she flooded the place, head on the floor, crying over and over that she was sorry. She turned halfway around and hung onto my legs, her arms wet with piss as she clutched at my boots, the tears streaming down her face. I pushed her back onto her haunches, my left boot squarely between her tits.

"You just wiped your piss all over my boots," I said, "Now lick them clean."

She swallowed hard and I slid my hand back over her head and grabbed her by the hair. "Now!" I said, "Or you'll clean the floor the same way." She got busy then, and I could feel her tongue strong through the leather. When my boots were clean to my satisfaction, I caught her by the hair once more. "Go into the bathroom and get some towels to clean up the rest of your novice tribute," I said. "And since the towels you choose will be yours until we leave this place, you had better hang them to dry when you are done."

She got up slowly, slipping a little in the puddle she'd made, but hurried to do what she was told. I went over to the easy chair and watched her work, stroking the bulge in my crotch.

I had danced with her after we talked that night in the bar; I'd backed her up to me. She must have felt my cock rub up against her that night, but she hadn't said anything. Women seldom do. Some probably assume I'm wearing a dildo, some get that look of confusion. I wear my cock and it works for me. I've fucked a lot of women over the years, but only in the past few years have I had the gift of cumming when I do it. Confused? *You* figure it out. Actually, I can cum in lots of different ways, but that's the stuff of other stories.

She watched my hand as I watched her. I let my delight at her discomfort flicker in my eyes. She watched my hand stroke; she watched my eyes know her, fascinated.

She was afraid to, but she said it. She just couldn't help herself. "What are you going to do to me now, Sir?"

I grabbed her jaw again and twisted her face. "Since you've so rudely interrupted me," I said, thrusting her face away from me, "Go get me a couple of potholders from the kitchen." As she obeyed, it slowly dawned on her what I would do to her.

She was shaking hard when she returned, and I told her to kneel on all fours in front of the fire. I unhooked the chains from their hanging place. Quite warm, I could feel their heat through the thick cloth. I held them stretched full length for a moment and enjoyed the tight flexed muscles under her rounded ass,

(continued on page 45)

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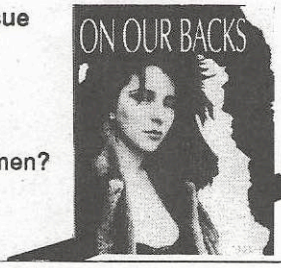

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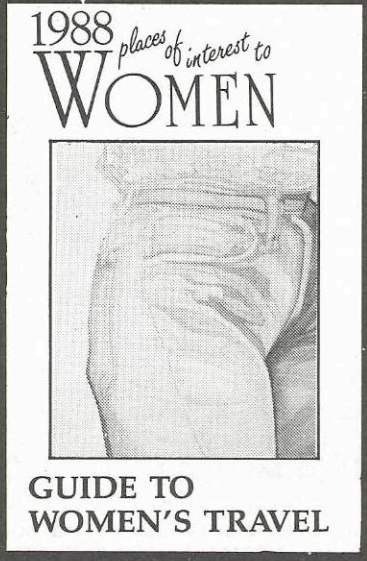


HANDS *(continued from page 28)*

obvious evidence of erotic interest, and I knew how to respond. But a woman who cracked her knuckles while looking into my eyes confused me. I suspected she might want something of me I might not want to give.

The older butchy women I liked best seemed to think that I would surely catch fire if they held me down and fucked me. I responded powerfully to being held down but not so well to fucking. Years of severe and persistent endometriosis had convinced me that nobody could possibly enjoy fucking. Well, one or two fingers perhaps, during that time of the month when you want to howl at the moon anyway, but not more than that, and certainly not with any kind of sudden or forceful movement. The kind of sustained and forceful fucking that made women with big powerful forearms so attractive was unimaginable to me. I was a master at coming by rocking on my partner's thigh, or pulling my thigh muscles tighter and tighter while I sucked and tongued at my partner's clit. But fucking hurt me, and I'd only do it if my partner insisted, biting my lips and giving it up like a gift too costly to offer often. It wasn't until my mid-twenties, well on in my life as a lesbian, that I finally had the surgery that ended the cycle of pain and rigidity that had plagued me since adolesence.

Curing my endometriosis changed my life. After that when the moon came on me, and a woman pushed three fingers into my wet and aching vagina, I got the shock of my life. There was no pain; there was a heated rush of desire. I wanted that hand. I wanted it hard. I wanted it fast. I wanted it as long as she could keep giving it to me. I remembered every bartender I had ever seen pick up a handful of cold bottles, and in the middle of an orgasm I laughed out loud. I had acquired the language.

"Speak to me," I told my lover. Without knowing what the hell I was talking about, she did just the right thing. She slipped another finger inside me and started all over again.

In the movie in my head, fisting is as savage as big cats rolling over each other in a jungle clearing. The instant of being entered is as abrupt and shuddering as a flying kick. In my own bed however, fisting is neither savage nor abrupt. It is slow, measured, enticed and enticing. My women take their time, sometimes to my great frustration. When I beg them to

move faster and harder, they just go on taking their time, putting in only as many fingers as the drum ring entrance to my vagina will allow. They work me up slow, making sure that I am as open and aroused as possible. It is slow, teasing work getting a whole hand in my cunt. But if it were easy, I don't think I would enjoy it half so much. Part of the charge is the excess of the act.

If we have to work on it, then it's about submission. If it's easy, then it's more about the physical sensation. It's the overwhelming aspect of it, the being totally carried away, shouting demands, shrieking to be fucked. The fact that it's hard makes it better, more satisfying.

I don't react to fucking like a character in a jack-off manual. My women almost never get their fists going in and out the way it's described in cheap pornography. Once the fist is fully inside, the motion is a slow, sliding, back and forth movement with the wrist sometimes swivelling enough to turn the knuckles up, pushing toward that mythological g-spot beneath the bladder—that point where all the nerves leading to the clit seem to cross.

I don't spurt the way some women do. Push me hard there, though, and I might pee. That's excessive too, the idea that we are fucking so hard and so furiously that I will just pee all over us. I like that. I like the idea of being that far out of control. Even the moment when I am shocked and embarrassed has its enjoyable aspect. Just so long as we don't stop, and especially if I am told that she wants it, wants me to let myself go like that, the thought turns around and I'm proud of myself. We are bad girls together, enjoying ourselves.

The first woman I ever really fisted was a big butch girl—a tall muscly woman who left off working on her motorcycle to polish my beltbuckle, get me a cup of tea, and blush when I hooked my fingers in her belt. She had been flirting with me and my girlfriend and we were both enjoying her enormously. It was my girlfriend who checked it out with her girlfriend, and got us all together at a party later.

"What do you want?" I kept teasing that girl, enjoying the size of her, the stretch of her shoulders and the slow gliding way she moved.

"What can you do?" she replied, looking down at us. We were both so much smaller than her. Well, what? I wondered, but my pride wouldn't let me show her any uncertainty. I squeezed her, pinched her, and ran my hands over her body as firmly as possible, enjoying every little sigh and quiver she made. I was looking forward to watching my girlfriend fuck her, but somehow when we had her lying back with her jeans off and her legs spread, it was my fingers that were teasing at her slippery labia. I slid my thumb inside her and felt around. It was smooth and open and welcoming. I pulled back and slipped two fingers in, and looked up into her half-closed eyes. There was lots of room. I pulled back and went in again with three fingers, then four. Her next sigh was deeper and she shuddered slightly in our arms.

I looked at my girlfriend. She was smiling and nodding, watching my fingers closely. I laughed and pulled back, cupping my fingers. I was going to push slowly, feel my way in tenderly, but the big girl had other ideas. It felt almost as if she reached for me with her whole body. My hand disappeared, sucked in to the warm enclosing glove of her. I gasped, and my girlfriend laughed. I wiggled my fingers and felt the walls of the surrounding vagina balloon out and in on my hand. I closed my hand inside her, and the big girl rocked on my wrist.

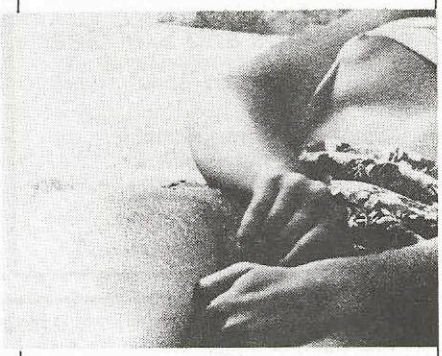
"Goddamn!" Everybody around me laughed. I had never felt anything so extraordinary in my life. I tried to remember everything anybody had ever done to me that I had liked. All right, I told myself and started moving my hand, the motion flowing from my elbow while I watched her face. When she started moaning and rocking with excitement, I let the muscles in my upper arm go to work. I felt my whole arm working. I wanted to do it right. All of my senses came alive. I needed to feel every motion she made, smell her as she got hotter, hear her guttural cries and slow grunting pleas. I wanted to shout but that would have distracted me. I tried instead to speak the language of her body. I felt a hot sweat break out all over me, and every time I looked to the side, I saw a proud, happy smile on my girlfriend's face.

"This role reversal stuff," I told her, "I like it a lot."

"Uh huh," she laughed back at me. "I can see that."

I know remarkably few women who enjoy anal fisting. But there was a time in my life when I became quite accomplished at it. Not that I listed being fisted up the ass as a goal, I just had lots of fantasies about anal sex, and I told a

HOT WOMEN TALK TAPES



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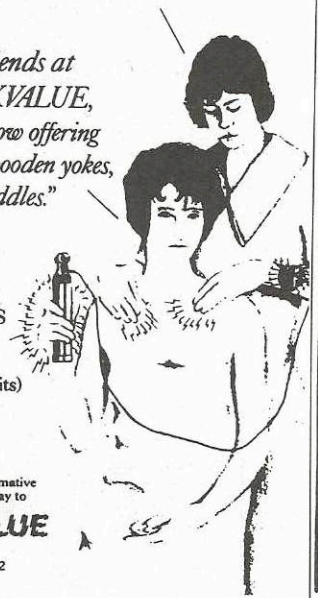

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woman I was seeing at the time about those fantasies. Natalia was much older than me, and we had been playing schoolgirl and governess. When I was the governess, Natalia was my toddler who needed to be washed tenderly, powdered down, sometimes have her temperature taken—"turn over, baby"—and invariably be nuzzled gently 'til she orgasmed in my arms. When I was the schoolgirl, I was a stubborn adolescent who accumulated countless demerits and had to be taught how to wash behind her ears and between her thighs. After weeks of this play and lots of talk about our mutual fantasies, Natalia decided that she would like to play out one of hers and see if she couldn't train her schoolgirl to enjoy having her ass used.

"For me," she begged, feeding me warm baklava and cold dry wine. I didn't know if the butterflies in my tummy were from her suggestion or the snack, but I agreed. Thus began a period of about three months in which I spent at least two nights a week lying belly down on her big oak bedstand while she whispered threatening enticements into my ears and slipped magic greasy fingers up my butt. She took her time getting me used to her manipulations, and refused to tell me how just how many fingers had done what at any one time. Regardless, it didn't seem to take very long until I was comfortable enough with what she was doing to climb up on my knees and start pushing back at her thrusts.

"That's my girl," Natalia would purr, and reward me with the fast slippery swipes at my clit that always made me come.

Finally, one evening Natalia asked me to come early and have dinner. She served raw oysters, lots of wine and a big salad, and after dinner sent me off to clean myself out and lie for a while in a hot bubble bath with a glass of cognac while she did some tidying up. When Natalia came for me later I was pink all over, giggly and very tipsy. She was wearing her highest heels and the black jacket with the high collar and the tight-fitting sleeves. Without a word she wrapped me in a big towel, bundled me into the bedroom, and plopped me face-down on an enormous pillow on the floor. Before I could hiccup in confusion she had my wrists tied to a ring in the floor.

"Ma'am?" I tried, unsure which game we were going to play.

"Be still," she said sternly. "Don't think, just relax. I want something from

you and tonight I'm going to get it." She poured a pool of thick cream lotion into her palm and began to massage my ass, her blunt fingers pushing dollops of cream up into my butt. I hiccupped, giggled, and after a moment, wiggled my ass at her. She laughed, slapped my thighs, and leaning forward, placed a small, silver, bullet-shaped object in my hand.

"Take a deep breath of that," she told me, still pushing at my ass. I did, and was rewarded with a slow spiral of pinlights that rose from the base of my nose up into my brain. The room got hot. I got dizzy, and a beehive started buzzing in my ears. I had never done poppers before, didn't know that was what I was doing. I just knew that I was suddenly high and horny and desperate to push back at her pushing hands.

"Ma'am," I wailed, and she purred back at me, "That's my girl," while her hand worked its way steadily into my butt. She hurt me, and I screamed at her. She laughed at me, and I howled at her. But she'd had all that practice and knew every crevice, every rudimentary panic, every movement I would make in response to every movement of hers, and nothing I did or said or cried stopped her. After a while she wasn't hurting me, she was guiding me, whispering soft words while her fingers played tickle touch so deep inside me I wanted to burp. I was gasping and begging and coming every little while as easily as a big sponge choo-choo train would fall off a cartoon trestle. Everything was slow motion, overwhelming and marvelous.

"Fuck me, Ma'am. Oh fuck me," I kept begging her.

"Oh, I am," she kept telling me, "I am. I am. I am."

The sun was coming up when she slid her hand out of me finally and completely. I burst into tears and tried to grab her with my thighs. I wanted it back, that full, marvelous, scary, wonderful feeling. She had pulled the slipknot loose on my hands hours before and I was free to be coaxed up into the bed to wrap around her and fall asleep, but groggy as I was, I didn't want to go to sleep. Even if I couldn't move, I wanted to do it again. I pulled her hand up, cradled it to my cheek and ran my fingers along her forearm. I dreamed of bartenders, slow-eyed, grinning butch girls, and big cats rolling over on the jungle floor, big cats with wide, wide mouths, great hanging wet labia, and muscly tapered forepaws. That woman spoke my language; what she could do with those hands. Oh!

THE JACKET *(continued from page 31)*

drag to blow smoke toward Jane's nostrils in the most tender, loving way, as if to say, "I love you, darling." Then she turned to the nightstand to put the stub out in the ashtray.

Turning businesslike, Sandra began, "Jane, I want you to turn over in your mind for a minute all the various things, ranging from small to large, that I could do to cause you unpleasantness." She leaned forward onto her hands so that her breasts were dangling above Jane's smaller ones. As she looked down into her lover's apprehensive eyes, her earnest expression added weight to her words. Leaning back, she began to softly stroke Jane's nipples, and the woman with her arms tied above her head for the first time involuntarily sighed and shuddered.

"For instance," Sandra continued in a gentler tone, "I know that you like your breasts touched for a short while, and then it begins to irritate you. Well, it doesn't irritate me. I can cause you unending hours of what to me would be delight. To you however..." She began to roll Jane's nipples between her fingers, and just as she had said, the initial rush of pleasure began to ebb.

"Alright, I understand you." Jane tried to shrug her off. Sandra gave her a broad Cheshire cat smile. She stopped, moved off Jane, and lay down casually, parallel at her lover's side.

Now she began to stroke Jane's belly button, "Or I could do this." Jane gyrated her body violently back and forth, vainly attempting to avoid Sandra's touch. She lost control momentarily and started to laugh; this was her most ticklish spot. Then she stiffened and shouted angrily, "Don't do that." Sandra grabbed her suddenly and lightly by the face; not to hurt her, just to get her immediate attention.

"Look, you just don't seem to get it." Sandra hissed, her face three inches away from Jane's. "You don't tell me what to do now; I tell you. And if anyone is going to raise their voice, it's going to be me." Abruptly she stopped, and then gave Jane her sweetest look. "Perhaps you'd like that."

Jane was paranoid about making too much noise in the apartment and was constantly shushing Sandra who had a loud voice. This in turn made Sandra crazy, because she intensely disliked being shushed. Now Jane imagined the racket Sandra could make if she wanted to, and more than anything, she wanted

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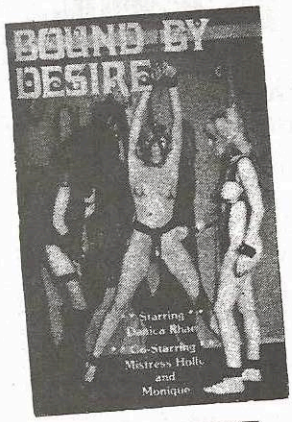

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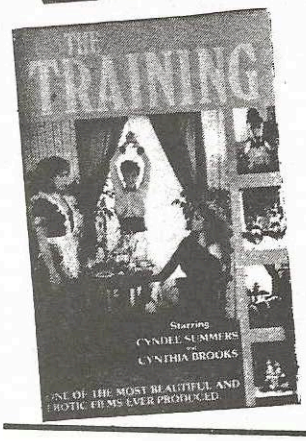

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to avoid that. Filled with images of her neighbors banging angrily on her door, she relented.

"You win, baby." Her body surrendered, "Your wish is my command."

"I know." Sandra moved down in between Jane's legs, grabbed her by the ass, and pulled her down so that her torso and arms were as outstretched as they could be. Walking on her knees and straddling Jane's body, she made her way up to her lover's head. She sat lightly on Jane's breasts, and her bound captive knew what would happen. So often their positions had been reversed. Sandra had originally initiated it. She had asked Jane to sit on her face. Jane complied, and loved it so much, that she asked for it again and again. But it had never been the other way around. This time the leather-jacketed top was Sandra.

Sandra looked down at Jane's nervous face, framed by her two bound arms. Sandra's exterior was dispassionate and unconcerned, but inside she glowed with delight. Before she began, Sandra leaned over to have a brief word with her reluctant prisoner.

"Jane, sweetheart, the reason that you fantasize about dominating your lover and ordering her about is because basically, you're a gentle and tender person. Giving commands lies within the realm of fantasy for you, and you find it difficult to go all the way with it." She grinned. "I don't fantasize about it, because I'm not a gentle and tender person, and giving commands is as natural to me as breathing." Deadly serious now, she got to the heart of the matter. As her grin melted away, she held Jane by the face. "You will now give me an enormous amount of pleasure by kissing and licking my cunt and clit until there is nothing left to suck, and I will not go away unsatisfied, you may be sure. If you attempt to hurt me in any way, I will do you damage tenfold." So saying, she went to mount Jane's face. But she remembered something, and bent back down to speak. Jane, who could detect any odor at any distance, was overcome by the smell of leather and Sandra.

"By the way, Jane, your orgasm is in my hands. You will not come until I give you permission."

Jane was incredulous. Just for a second, she was mad, but there was nothing she could do about it. Would Sandra actually carry out any of her threats? Were there worse things Sandra could do that she hadn't mentioned?

Aware that Jane was weighing the

situation, Sandra responded as if reading her thoughts. "Jane, if I think that you've come, I will put on my clothes, and walk out. You can have the fire department untie you."

Their eyes locked. Jane could see that Sandra was perfectly serious, and suddenly, she was overwhelmed with desire. All she wanted was to have her. She began to writhe and moan. "Baby, I promise," she said, "I won't come 'til you let me." She forgot she was tied, and tried to embrace Sandra. Her arms, still tied at the wrists, were constrained and impotent.

Sandra lowered herself onto Jane's face, and as Jane began to delicately lick her and blow on her, she sighed with satisfaction. She placed her hands against the wall to steady herself, and fantasized about sitting on a vibrating machine at a women's health spa to which she'd once gone. She'd sat on the machine as she'd seen other women do, and realized in shock that the damn thing vibrated. Since climaxing in a room full of straight women who were busily working out hardly seemed appropriate, she'd gotten off the machine immediately. After that, she kept her eye out for anyone who might innocently mount the machine thinking to tone their thigh muscles. She especially liked it when the women did not quickly dismount. Now, with Jane, she imagined that she rode that machine and it hummed beneath her, eternally powered; never flagging or tiring. She groaned over and over, murmuring words of endearment that she didn't even know she said.

Jane, too, was in another world. Sandra's accustomed noises always turned her on and now she was acutely aware of them because she couldn't make her own accustomed noises back. The hair and the juice and the smell above her made her crazy and she often forgot what she doing, and went too far. Then Sandra would lift off her, until she calmed down and remembered herself. They went on like this until Sandra, reeling, grasped Jane's bound wrists and clutched them with a single minded concentration that focused her entire being between her legs. She came with a ferocity that Jane had never witnessed. Of course, Jane had never seen it from that angle.

Gingerly, Sandra lifted herself off the tongue that brought her so much pleasure, and lay her body down beside Jane while they returned to this world. Jane drew her knees up to her chest, and rocked back and forth with the orgasm she wasn't permitted. Sandra smiled in appreciation and bent forward with all the tenderness she said she didn't have. She covered Jane's face with her breasts and kissed her.

"Oh baby," she said, "I knew you were good, and you're going to be rewarded...eventually." She moved down between Jane's legs, and relaxed, lying between them. Casually, she played with Jane's abundant pubic hair, pulling and tugging.

"Sandra, please," Jane moaned, "have some mercy." She writhed and tried to get her cunt near Sandra's face, which was never near enough. Sandra was delighted and teased her unmercifully, bringing her face close enough to Jane's swollen clit, so that Jane could feel her breath. Jane started to rock and moan violently. Sandra held Jane's thighs apart and blew long, hot breaths all over the parts that would most respond. She came so tantalizingly close to touching Jane with her lips that Jane could barely refrain from screaming.

"Let me come, baby, please let me come," Jane moaned.

"No."

"I swear, whatever you want, Sandra, just please let me come." Jane had arrived at the pass that Sandra had awaited.

"No, Jane." Sandra's glee was hard to suppress. She looked up to meet her lover's face. "The hours, as well as your cunt, lay spread before us in the most delightful way. I have hours of playtime before me."

Suddenly Sandra felt a hand on her hair. That tender caress could mean only one thing, and sure enough, she felt herself being pulled inexorably up the length of the bed towards Jane's face.

Jane had managed to free her right arm. Now she held Sandra's hair in a granite fist and drew her lover's face close to hers. The clenched muscles in her right arm and hand belied her slightly crazed smile.

"Sandra," Jane cooed softly. Her breasts heaved with panting as if she'd just run a long distance, but her eyes were narrow and glinting. The eyes of her tormenter were big and round, and Sandra's reply was barely audible. "Yeah," managed to come from Sandra's suddenly dry lips. Jane smelled her own scent on Sandra's face, and gave her captive's hair an unmistakable yank.

"Take off the jacket," she whispered through clenched teeth. Sandra couldn't prepare herself fast enough.

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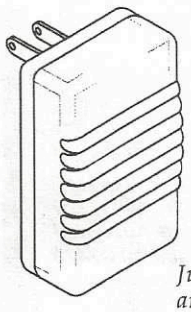

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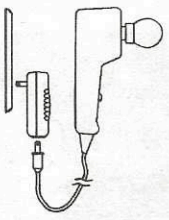

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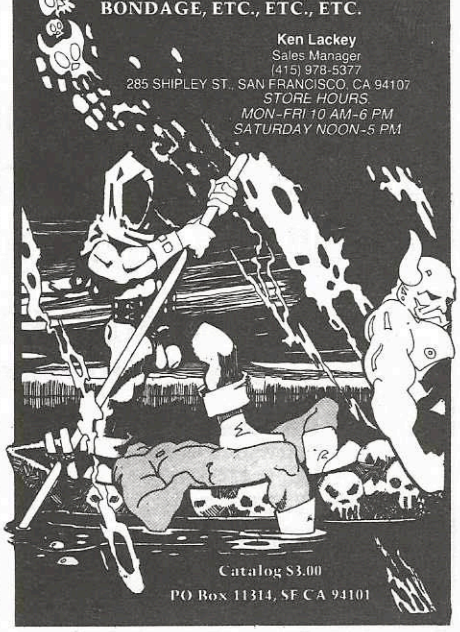

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WILD SIDE *(continued from page 22)*

She gently rubbed the back of my hand and whispered in my ear, "I have to pee-pee."

I took her to the stall, pulled down her pants and sat her on the toilet. "Does that feel better?" I asked and stroked her hair.

She nodded her head and then stood up with her legs straddling the commode. "Here." She stuck a wad of toilet paper in my hand. "Wipe, please." She sounded like a little toddler and was arousing the hell out of me.

I wiped her ass and she grabbed me and threw a French kiss down my throat "Better?" I asked again after she released me.

"Braxton, do you want to come to my house?" She was being charming and innocent again. I was shaking in my pants.

I led her by the hand to the sink and we washed our hands. "We'd better just go dance," I said, thinking to myself that my mother would have a heart attack if I went home with this woman and wound up in the obituary column with the headline reading: "Young Black lesbian dies of welts from rider's crop. Police were amazed to find the victim wearing a smile and little else." I giggled out loud.

"What is it?" Sasha was still playing toddler, and her voice was very timid and small but as provocative as a sleigh ride.

I laughed, "I was just thinking ... Ha ha ... My mother would shit a brick if she knew we were—" She gave me a hard look. "Uh . . . 'bout to have this much fun."

Sasha dried her hands on my pants and we ran out to the dance floor. The music was Top 40 and loud. Sasha bounced me around on her thigh some more. "I wasn't joking about wanting to fuck you," she said and stopped jumping around.

"I'm really not into violence, especially S&M," I said.

Sasha caught my arm. "Braxton, I wouldn't hurt you." This was the first sign I saw of her charm and gentleness returning. I mean her real charm, which had previously got me looking in her direction.

"Sasha, I've never been with an S&M woman and I'm not into pain at all." She started to say something but I stopped her. "Dance with me."

I put my arms around her neck and she put her arms around my waist. "I've never been with a Black woman so we're

even."

"This makes us both virgins of a sort."

"Do you want to fuck me? I thought you wanted me when we were at the Riv."

"If you take me home with you and promise to be gentle with me, I'll agree to cum peacefully!"

"I'll go easy for your first time with an aggressive dyke."

"No ropes, whips, rider's crops, chains, sticks, none of that stuff—just fucking."

"Alright, nothing too kinky." We looked into each other's eyes. I kissed one corner of her mouth and then the middle and proceeded to tongue one lip at a time. She started climbing my body and both of us slowly pressed into each other's muffs. We gyrated to the music. When the music got faster we dry-humped to that rhythm as well.

I was more than warm. I could feel my pussy dribbling with want for her. "You're turning me on," I said, although that was obvious to her about ten songs ago.

"The feeling is mutual. Say goodbye to your friends and let's get the hell out of here." Her breath was low and hot.

I grabbed my coat off a chair. Sasha arm-wrestled me for the right to help put her coat on. I was saying goodbye to my friends, yes—all the Terrys with various spellings, and Sasha waved to her group and stood in front of me and pulled my arm. "Can't I finish saying goodbye?"

"Let's have a fucking happy evening." She nibbled my ear, grabbed me by the arm and hurriedly led me toward the door so all I could do was wave to the rest of my friends from across the room.

We went to her place and before the front door was closed we were both naked. We sprinted to her bedroom and dived under the covers. Then we sprang out and went in the bathroom to wash our hands, brush our teeth and wash our faces. We jumped back into bed.

Sasha climbed on top of me and we started moving up and down against each other gently. I drew a deep breath. My breathing was getting faster and so was Sasha's motion. She started thrusting. "Let's see how tough you really are."

She was bucking pretty hard so stopping was out of the question. In fact, I would have been in danger had I let go of her. I yelled every time she bucked. The ceiling was getting low.

"Damn, this is fun." She bucked hard. "Ride her, Cowgirl." The two of us and the mattress went crashing to the floor.

"Sasha," I whispered, trying to alert her that we were on the floor.

"Oh, I like it when you say my name," she said and kept bucking. The mattress was bouncing on the floor.

"Sasha," I said a little louder and thought about unwrapping my arms from around her.

"Say my name some more." Her voice rose three octaves and she thrust and bucked harder.

"Sa-ha-she-ha-!" I hollered.

She bucked one final time and said, "Wow!" in a high-pitched voice.

"The mattress is on the floor!" I told her.

"You're right. It is." She looked at me with an I've-got-a secret grin on her face. "Shall we?" We both looked at the mattress on the floor, picked it up, and placed it back on the bed frame. "I've got some handcuffs," she cheerfully announced and took a couple of steps toward the closet door.

"Oh no, you don't," I said and put my arms around her waist. "None of that stuff. Just fucking, remember?"

"Thought you might have changed your mind."

"Come here," I whispered.

She was already in my arms so she faced and kissed me. I relaxed in her arms and she tackled me on the bed. "You have nice shoulders."

"Thank you," I giggled, because Sasha was tickling me.

She abruptly stopped and grabbed me by the muscle between my neck and shoulders so hard I jumped. "You're still feisty."

I pushed her arms off my head. "Knock that off."

She pinched my buttocks hard and I yelled. "I didn't know you were so sensitive."

"Sensitive hell. That hurts."

She moved close to me and I relaxed in her body warmth. "I'm not going to hurt you," she assured me.

"I'm not giving you the chance."

"You're a wimp, aren't you?"

"Didn't we have this talk before?" I asked, and rolled her over so that I was on top of her.

"Refresh me," she demanded and rolled on top of me.

"At the bar?"

"The bar? The bar?" She pinched my buttock and I pushed my butt into hers.

"Perry's."

"Oh that bar." She arched her back.

I slid up and down her body. "Yeah, that bar where you said you wanted to fuck my Black ass."

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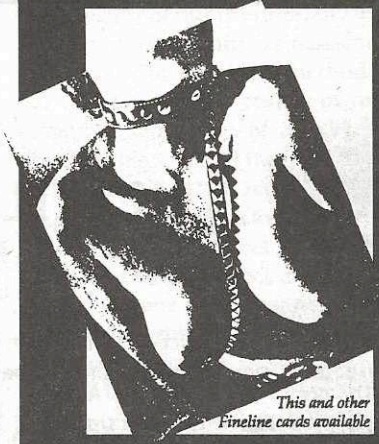

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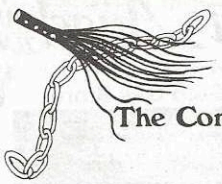

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"Want to arm wrestle?" she asked.

"No!"

"Let's just plain wrestle."

We came to all fours and flipped and turned each other upside down. Every so often we would make contact at, let's just say, points of interest. When we got to hands and knees, Sasha straddled my head and before I could blink, her pussy was touching my lips. It's really difficult to have meaningful cunnilingus when the cunt approaching one's lips is pulsing up and down at ninety miles a minute. We grappled on the floor and she took a huge bite of my breast. "Shit!"

"Now, that little nip didn't hurt you." Her fingers were crooked like claws—her teeth half bared under a devious smile.

"Sasha, you promised to go easy with me."

"Fooled ya." She sprang towards me and pulled my earlobes.

"You S&M maniac, fuck fair or I'm going home."

She twisted my arm behind my back until I yelled Uncle, Aunt, Niece, Somebody—Anybody. "Are you scared, Braxton?"

"Truthfully?" I asked looking up without moving my head. "I'm getting a smidge of fright."

"Good." She pulled my arm back until it resisted. Somehow she got me in a headlock.

I kicked her in the shin with my bare heel and she let go of my arm. "Stop it."

This golden-haired white woman assumed the stance of a ninja. "Fight like a dyke," she said, and came charging straight at me.

I mentally apologized to my mother for all the times I played with the Lord. "Sasha, I'm not into this."

She set herself for a drop kick. Her body was flying toward me. I was suddenly faced with a life or death decision. "I can take you," she said from mid-air.

I grabbed her arm and flipped her over. I don't know how, but she did three somersaults and I wound up holding her over my head. I let her fall to the floor. I stared at her naked body. "Oh shit." I felt her pulse and checked to see if she was breathing.

Sasha was not only breathing but was in a state of high arousal as well. She got on her knees, clasped my hands and said, "Make me your slave."

"Your what? Sasha, are you all right?"

"You're the only person who's been able to tame me." She bowed her head.

This was getting to be too much, even

for me. I knelt down in front of her. Our eyes locked. I stroked her cropped blonde head. Her hair was soft, and wet from sweat. "Sasha, all I wanted was for you to rummage my bones."

"Yeah. I only wanted you to fuck my lights out, too."

I picked her up in my arms and carried her to bed. She looked into my eyes all the way there.

"Hi, I'm Braxton. But people call me B-Jay and I'd love to fuck your lights out," I said and gently lowered her.

"Pleased to meet you. I'm Sasha and I'll help you fuck my lights out."

I kissed her lips. "No torpedo thrusting." I nibbled the corners of her mouth and swept my tongue down her chin and lightly brushed her throat from side to side.

"I don't know how you put up with me. My wife thinks I'm too rough so we hardly ever have sex."

"Good things are worth waiting for," I said. My tongue, still roving, found its way to her juicy breasts. I wrapped my lips around her nipple and lightly sucked the tip until it was erect. I could feel my clit swelling as Sasha kept working her pelvis back and forth.

"Braxton, I'm really sorry about that rough stuff."

I kept sucking and nibbling her breasts. My tongue flowed down and over her rapturous body. It made way to her hairy, moist pussy. I parted her labia with my fingers. My tongue slid into the little pee hole and lapped the already-dripping love juice. She made a guttural moan. "You . . . ahha . . . saw a wild side of me to . . . nigght . . . mmm. I'm noottt . . . uhhh, always like that."

I tongued her clit and her hips went back and forth in rapid hard thrusts.

"Oh, you taste good." I said and pushed my tongue into her soft pussy hole.

"Go deeper . . . come . . . Oh! . . . She clutched my head and dug her fingers into my scalp. I screamed and she came.

We lay face-to-face for a second, both breathing hard and fast. I, on top of this sensuous blonde, her body warm, firm, and supple. Every muscle in my tummy woke up as she rode my mound. "You feel so good," I said as our bodies slipped and smacked from perspiration.

"Sasha, OOOO . . . AAOOOO . . . Shhh . . . shut up and fuck . . . ooooahh . . . "

"Bra . . AAA . . . XXX . . . TON . . . OOOA . . . Merry Christmas. . . .you're AAAHHHH. . . the Best. . .

We bumped and ground and went in and out on each other all night!!

THE PLACE... *(continued from page 35)*

the uncontrollable shaking of her shoulders.

She had no idea when I would strike and she was terrified. I laid the chains link by link slowly across her ass and watched the flesh blister. "Oh oh, oh, oh, *mercy* Sir, please, mercy, please, Sir!" she cried out. She tried to stand it. She couldn't, though, and slowly and deliberately as I had laid them on, I took the chains away. The blisters were already swelling, and her body had slumped down, her tits and belly pressed against the floor, ass high. I ran a finger up the edge of her cunt. It was wide open and boiling like a river of lava. No lube required.

I slid my hand into her and felt her cunt close around me. "Masturbate," I said, "Give me your soul. And remember—you beg me, to let you cum." I was pretty hot myself by then, but I found my rhythm in a stroke or two. I fucked her slow and deep and hard, feeling her womb against my knuckles, touching that secret, sacred place deep inside her with my bare hands. What a deep, dark beauty she was. I rode her down to the ground and kneaded her like clay. She was so damn fine, rocking against me and moaning, taking it slow, swelling like a tidal wave. She wanted to come so bad, and she held it, she held it until there was nothing left of her to hold it and she could barely say the words.

"Can I —please—cum all for You, Sir? —It's all for You, Sir, all for You—"

"Yes," I said, and the sweat was pouring off me, too. "Yes, give me all your love, baby, right in my hand. You cum, for me."

She groaned deep, that sound, and gave it up, her power, her blood, her life, into my hand. She came, and came again, she was broken, flowing, absolutely mine. I flexed my fist and made her stay open, fucking her slower until she shuddered with each stroke. "Push me out," I said then, "Find the muscles and give birth to yourself." She drew her wave up and pushed against me, with one long continuous motion. The sound she made was almost singing, like a chant from the depths of the earth.

I held her shaking, tight in my arms, as her tears flowed and washed down her face. She wept and kissed my hand over and over, saying "Thank you—thank you."

I kissed her face where the tears were and rocked her as I held her, and then I let her rest.

SEXPOINT... *(continued from page 10)*

Ironically, at the very moment when gay men are losing access to public sexual space and questioning the value and wisdom of sexual experimentation, lesbians are enjoying a re-sexualization of identity and community. Yet the new openness to greater sexual ADVENTURE may mean more high risk behavior. Even in the AIDS era, most lesbians remain convinced of a certain "immunity" to standard sexual risks. This may be a legacy of our traditionally low rates of sexually transmitted diseases and our foolproof "birth control method." Add to that the current reality of only two documented cases of AIDS resulting from lesbian sexual transmission of the HIV virus, and the result is a frighteningly slow response to the risk of infection. Lesbians do not usually practice safe sex until they feel there us a direct need, yet our new openness to greater sexual experimentation may mean more high risk behavior.

If AIDS continues to spread in our community—and there is little reason to believe that lesbians will be an exempt population — several reactions are possible. For some it will only confirm the message women have so long received that sex is danger. We shouldn't have been pursuing our pleasure after all; if only we had listened to our mothers and our sisters and worked to rid the world of non-monogamy, casual sex and pornography, we never would have gotten into this mess. Another response which is already finding an audience within the lesbian community is to see AIDS as an outside invader hiding inside that Trojan Horse, the bisexual woman. Writer Pat Califia points out that this is a set-up for bisexual bashing: "There is more phobia about bi-women bringing diseases into 'our' community than there ever was before. Name calling is happening instead of safe sex. The idea is that if you are the 'right kind' of lesbian you need not practice safe sex, and if you are not the right kind, then maybe other women should not have sex with you."

A third response is possible. We can learn to hold passion and danger in our heads at the same time, denying neither. Here lesbians and gay men face a similar challenge. We can once again attempt to negotiate desire in the midst of danger. That the danger shall temporarily obscure desire for some of us and desire overshadow danger for others is understandable, but the challenge is to once again negotiate our desire under fire.

Dorothy Allison, now lives in San Francisco. Her first book of short stories will be available from Firebrand Books in the fall of 1988. **Christine Vilm** is a professional free-lance photographer who has recently received a B.F.A. in Photography. She is pursuing a redefinition of the "female nude." **Dragon** is a 37 - year - old fat S/M dyke living in Seattle. She considers herself a dilletante writer of fiction, makes whips and leather clothing, and enjoys performing both on and off the stage. **Lyndall MacCowan** studies Anthropology in San Francisco, and has been active in lesbian rights work there since 1972. Beneath her meek and mild bookkeeper's facade, **Anne Hall** aspires to wickedness. She lives in the Northwest with her longtime partner, two cats, and a juicy fantasy life. **Wendy Chapkis** is the author of *Beauty Secrets*, published by South End Press. **C.L. Prochazka,** one-half of *Midnight Pink Productions,* dabbles in writing, choreography, directing, painting, photography, multi-colored hair, and much, much more. **Katie Niles** is a dyke photographer living in Ashland, Oregon. Her photographs have been published in many women's publications, including the first issue of *On Our Backs*. **Cathy Opie** is currently working on her MFA at CalArts. Though her work is mainly in the social documentary style, she also explores the depiction of women in a non-traditional format. **Penny Jerome** was our Spring 1987 cover photographer, a portrait artist from Moscow, ID. **Larue** thinks that computers are Goddess' gift to writers, laughs loudly and appears to be a normal upstanding citizen, except when she's lying down. **Erica Marcos** is a photographer, filmmaker, colassal adventurer, and a very loyal friend.

Best Personal Ad

She was saying something...

...as she held her knife to my throat after making love to me, but I couldn't hear her words. I felt the world suddenly get very small. All that existed was the cold kiss of steel against the soft vulnerability of my skin. My pulse thundered in my ears and I yielded, drowning in a sea of fear and helpless desire. I was held in silent immobility, eyes closed against the force of my feeling for what seemed like a small eternity.

She went away after that.

The next morning, I found this quotation on the back of the Kate Bush album that been playing while she hurt me very carefully. It makes me remember the endless moment of the knife, and of the pain that had given me pleasure.

"Wave after wave, each mightier than the last 'Til last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame"
Tennyson, "The Coming of Arthur"

It was the purest passion I have ever known. When I look into a mirror now, I see secrets in my eyes. After two years of celibacy, that whirlwind affair was the perfect introduction to S/M. She is the quintessential leather dyke, an experienced top with dangerous dark eyes and dimples. Wicked and courtly, she fascinated me from the moment I first saw her. I was reckless, I'll admit it; I was as delighted as a small child on a Christmas morning, and she flirted outrageously with me during four days in February. She must have found my innocent lust amusing, for on the fifth day she *hurt* me, and it was glorious.

My hips seemed to have developed a dozen extra gears since then. I feel it when I'm walking. I feel languid, and satisfied to the point of being smug. Coming out to S/M was damn near a religious experience for me. And it was without a doubt the best sex I've ever had. (Love and kisses to you, woman. You know who you are.) But there's a subtle heat in my bones now, a flicker of hunger in my belly.

I need someone I may trust implicitly, a woman who understands the subtleties of power. I want to learn more about safe, sane, consensual S/M with a compassionate top who will have patience with my fear and accept my submission to that strong woman in her black leathers; it would be easier for me to reconcile an image of myself as a top with my perceptions. But I glory in this new feeling.

As of March 1st, I will be living in Connecticut, not far from NYC. I haven't the slightest idea where to find a wicked, charming, experienced butch top in southern New England. I hope this works. Box 436.

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PERSONALS

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FAMILY AFFAIR

Lovely lesbian mother and daughter (we look like sisters) seek young wild lez/bi who wants to experience the depths of depravity and the heights of the bizarre. We specialize in fantasies, B&D, S&M, anal play, slavery, fetishes, and good old fashioned kissing, cuddling, and pussy eating. Picture please. Box 367.

NAUGHTY IN LOS ANGELES

I'm 42, 5'11", Caucasian, 230 lbs (should weigh 150) (I'm descended from a tall family: father 6'6", 2 brothers 6'8"). I desperately need a disciplinarian to force me to behave. I'm very responsive to proper guidance and tall, muscular women. Box 370.

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Hot femme submissive needs a lot of attention. A top who is strong minded and ready to discipline. Send letter and a photo. Box 377.

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Married bisexual, live in Florida, husband travels. Need feminine bi-gay girl, 18-26, to live-in as my companion, lover, mistress. I'm 34, classy, 5'8", 121 lbs, shaved smooth, well to do. Respond with full details, desires, photos. I'm for real, want long term relationship. Box 396.

PUNK ROCK SEX FIEND

Seeks other womyn for some hot fun and friendships. New to Northern California, can commute to San Francisco, San Jose, Santa Cruz. I like light B&D, hot sex, toys, top/bottom, loud strange music. Write and send picture. Box 402.

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Call me, let's fuck on the phone. (716) 881-1217.

Classifieds

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COME OVER AND OVER
Gorgeous classical musician, 27, tall, slim, athletic, constantly horny, seeks unquenchable adventuress. I'll take you over the brink. Unshaved a plus. Sexy pictures get mine. Box 406.

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Cute, petite, young, sexy, white lesbian cowgirl seeks all white bi-lesbians, any age, anywhere, no experience necessary, for dirty letter exchange. I love it all: masturbation, dildoes, cunt licking, also wet panty swap if interested. Special lust for teenage girls, sports players, tennis, raquetball, cowgirl-tomboys—come on girls, write. Photo ensures faster reply, nude not necessary. Box 408.

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CURIOSITY KILLED THE KAT
Gay, hispanic, female, 28 yrs old, seeking an adventurous woman with a great sense of humor. Write and send photo. Box 413.

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Lesbian goddess and ex-model with well-trained TV maid/slave is leaving U.S., and seeks female to hand my slave over to. Belief in female supremacy and delight in putting inferior half of humanity in their rightful place is helpful. Detailed letter and photo are helpful. All answered. Box 416.

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Wanton bitch needs a mean, tireless Daddy to spank me, fuck me, pet me, train, threaten, tease... I'm a feminine, clean, bisexual thrillseeker looking for the limit. Nurturing, politically correct, brunch-type relationship not important. Your nasty habits are. Box 417.

S/M NEOPHYTE HOUSTON
30+ beautiful, financially secure, femme, professional GWF, seeks same to learn about and experience S/M. I want to spank and be spanked, experiment with anal sex, enemas, B&D, etc. There must be womyn in Houston with snap, intelligence, good looks and self-esteem, who aren't satisfied with "vanilla" sex. If you are very attractive, financially secure, and want to play games in the bedroom, but not out of it, write. Couples OK. Please, no fats, bis, smokers, heavy druggies or alcoholics. Sincere letter and photo (returned) a must. Box 418.

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That's me! I'm also stern, understanding, safe, androgynous and into army fatigues, leather, lace, latex, and attractive femmes and faggy butch bottoms who need a drill sergeant, big brother or sister, or Daddy. Write Ms. T. Lightfoot, Box 1234, Edgemere, NY 11691

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DESIRE!
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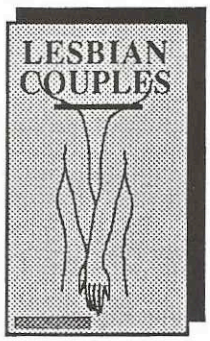

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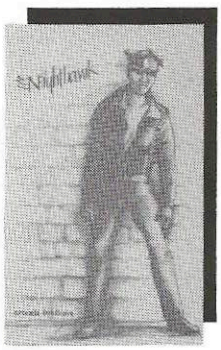

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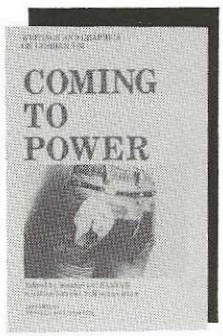

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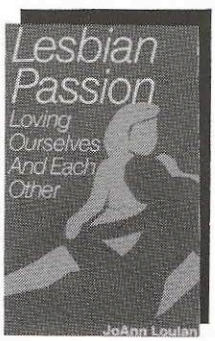

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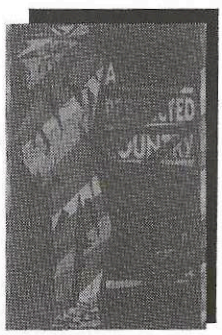

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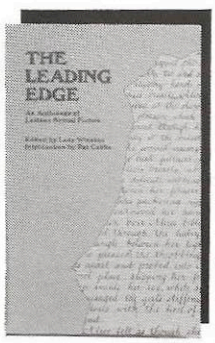

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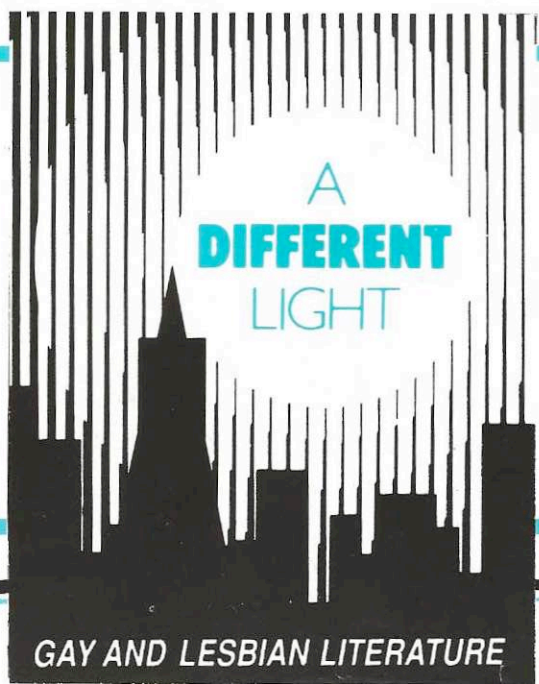

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